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MY STORY.

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AS clearly as if it were yesterday, I remember that sombre November evening when I met Ross Kendall first. The luxury of a fire in my own room was an extravagance unknown in the close economy which

crat) nod over her knitting; tired of the tall clock's drowsy ticking in one corner; tired of my odd, dog-eared volume of "The Days of Bruce;" and most tired of all of myself, I rose at last, slipped out of the room without eliciting any thing more than a growl from my affectionate guardian, and, bringing a

ing not a single rift in their sullen gloom. The brown earth was strewn with fallen leaves, while the gaunt, bare branches of the tall oaks seemed pointing like spectral fingers to the lowering sky. It was not a particularly cheerful afternoon for out-door exercise; but down the steps I went, and was soon



"Who is she?"—Page 709.

governed the domestic arrangements of Kendall Manor. Tired, therefore, of my seat in a corner by the sitting-room fire; tired of watching Uncle Kendall's grave, rugged face, as he sat with an account-book open on his knee, running his bony finger slowly down the column of figures, and only acknowledging my presence by a frown if I made any noise; tired of seeing Mrs. Kendall (not wife, but sister-in-law and house-keeper of this auto-

shawl down from my chamber, wrapped it about me, preparatory to setting out for a walk.

Even yet I seem to feel the sharp, raw air—laden with coming rain—that rushed over me as I closed the hall-door, and stood on the broad stone steps which led down to the avenue. The sky was overcast with lowering masses of gray cloud, scudding along before some wind-storm of the upper air, and show-

tramping along the avenue as if intent on an errand of life and death. How clearly I recall, at this moment, the peculiar, pungent odor of the dead leaves over which I trod! If I should live to count fourscore years, I think this fragrance of the autumn will always bring back with strange vividness that gray afternoon rapidly closing into twilight, the sobbing *miserere* which the bare trees seemed to be sighing over their fallen glory.

and the shabby little figure in a much-worn shawl, executing a movement very like a military "double-quick" toward the gate.

Fortunately, this gate was not very distant, and I reached it before long. There I paused, and, leaning my head against the bars, looked as wistfully through them as if I had been a Peri, and the common, beaten high-road running past, a paradise. As I look, I remember that a wild desire came over me to lift the heavy latch and go forth to the freedom which lay beyond. What if I was but a girl—a homeless waif whom Uncle Kendall fed and clothed out of charity—the world was wide, and surely somewhere within its borders I should find the loving hearts and the happy home of which I dreamed. God knows my life has not been a bright one since that time, but something like the pity which we feel for a stranger comes over me as I think of the desolate child who stood there on that evening—burning with a fierce fever of unrest, and pondering in the vague, wild fashion of youth, whether she should not make one desperate effort to break the dull stagnation of a life narrow and sordid beyond any powers of expression.

I had not quite decided the question in the affirmative, when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs coming at a sharp trot along the road. I did not even turn my head in the direction whence the sound came. Some belated farmer going home, no doubt, or perhaps some one of the young gentlemen who occasionally rode past Kendall—sons of the large land-owners in its neighborhood. They were nothing to me—I knew none of them. Friend or associate, admirer or lover, I had not in the world. Shielded, therefore, by the gathering gloom, I kept my position—only starting suddenly from my abstraction when the horseman stopped.

Stopped at the gate of Kendall Manor! I could with difficulty credit my eyes as I glanced round and found a horse's nose within a few feet of me, while his rider stooped to fumble for the latch. Through the falling dusk, neither horse nor rider had perceived the human figure leaning against the gate, and both were startled when I abruptly raised my face. The horse reared backward, his rider gave the reins a sharp jerk, and a slight struggle ensued—the gentleman saying something which sounded rather forcible, but which I did not hear distinctly. Then he raised his voice and addressed me, whom he evidently took for a loitering servant.

"Open the gate, if you please. You have frightened my horse so that he is afraid to go near it."

I meekly obeyed, opening the gate and shielding myself behind it, as I pulled it back. The horseman rode sharply in—allowing his horse to look neither to the right nor to the left—and, touching his hat slightly as he passed me, said, "Thank you!" I made no reply, for I was amused by his mistake, and did not think it worth while to undeceive him. After he passed, I pushed the gate back, and, while I was lifting the latch with both hands in an endeavor to replace it, I was startled to find that, instead of pursuing his way to the house, he wheeled round and again addressed me.

"I beg pardon," he said, "I should have asked before—is this Kendall Manor?"

"This is it," answered I, briefly; and, having now raised the troublesome latch to its proper place, I turned round and faced the stranger—surely very much of a stranger who could ask such a question as *that* in Essex County, and at the very entrance of the Kendall domain.

As I have said before, it was dusk, but I saw with tolerable distinctness what my interlocutor looked like; not particularly handsome or particularly imposing, but a gentleman undoubtedly in air and manner—I had seen few enough gentlemen in my life, yet I felt certain on this point—a man who could not have been less than thirty or more than thirty-five apparently, who had an easy, well-built figure, a bronze face, with a pair of dark eyes, a firm chin, and a heavily drooping mustache.

As I turned and gave the searching look necessary to take all this in, the stranger smiled a little, apparently at the coolness and frankness of my scrutiny.

"Do you live here?" asked he, pointing slightly toward the old brown house visible through the leafless trees.

"Yes," answered I, laconically.

"Can you tell me if Mr. Kendall is at home?"

"He was at home half an hour ago."

"Thanks; good-evening."

He touched his hat again, and this time rode away without turning back.

I followed at my leisure—not particularly anxious to reach the house, since there was nothing for it now but the cheerless solitude of my own chamber. Once or twice a year, some stranger came to see Uncle Kendall on business, and on these occasions I was always summarily dismissed from the sitting-room. Doubtless, the same result would follow on the present occasion.

My surprise was great, therefore, when, as I opened the door half an hour later, and stepped into the hall, cold and tired, Uncle Kendall's voice sounded from the sitting-room.

"Is that you, Beryl?" he cried; adding, when I answered in the affirmative, "Come here."

With my shawl still wrapped around me, I obeyed, entering the sitting-room, where a bright fire made a most unusual illumination, and facing Uncle Kendall—seated bolt upright in his large chair—and the stranger for whom I had opened the gate half an hour before.

"Come here, Beryl," repeated my uncle, as I paused just within the door, feeling strangely awkward and abashed. "Don't look so frightened, child; nobody is going to harm you.—She has grown up here," he went on, looking at his companion; "but she will do us credit some day—eh, Ross?"

The gentleman so addressed smiled, but, without making any other reply, came forward and held out his hand to me.

"Pardon me for having met you so unceremoniously a little while ago," he said. "I did not know then that we were cousins. My name is Ross Kendall."

Even those few words were full of so much kindness, that my sense of awkward

shyness fled at once. I smiled as I gave him my hand.

"I never heard of you before," I said, "but since you are a Kendall, I suppose you must be my cousin."

"I have not had much time or inclination to instruct her in family ties and connections," said Uncle Kendall, grimly. "She'll learn about them soon enough for all the good—or harm—they can do her! You are the best of the whole, Ross" (with a short nod), "else it isn't likely I'd have you here now."

"I have been away too long to know much of the family," said Ross Kendall, gravely.

"Thank God for it, then!" said the other, sharply. "Take my word, you'll never have any thing better to thank Him for!—Beryl, did you hear me tell you to come to the fire? Sit down there!"

He pointed to the stool which I had vacated a little while before, and I obeyed the gesture, subsiding into my familiar corner, and looking curiously from one to the other of the faces before me. What different faces they were, as the firelight flickered over them, bringing out clearly the prominent traits of both! At this moment I seem to see the strange, fevered eagerness that lit up the sharpened, haggard features of the elder man, and the grave, quiet, bronzed face of the younger, with its keen, bright, kind, dark eyes.

Somehow my entrance seemed to have created a little embarrassment. They were both silent for some minutes; then Uncle Kendall spoke again.

"I told you a little while ago, Ross," he said, in his dry, measured way, "that I would wait until Beryl came in before I let you know what business I had in view when I sent for you. I heard that you had got back from China"—Uncle Kendall was old-fashioned, and he pronounced this *Chiny*—"without having bettered yourself much; and, since I always had a liking for your father—he was the only one of all the kin I ever could bear—I thought I would take a look at you. You are like him," he went on, taking a very hard look indeed; "but I think you may do better than he did. You've got a firmer jaw. Firmness is the great thing in this world, lad. You'll know that when you are as old as I am."

"I know it now," said Ross Kendall, very grimly.

"The sooner you learn it, the better," said the other. "If you have *that*, you won't let a woman make a fool of you, as your father's wife did of him; you won't marry her for her pretty face, as he did, without caring if her heart is as black as Gehenna; and, above all, you won't be wheedled into leaving your property to her, so that she can marry again, and despoil your own son of every penny, as *you* have been despoiled. By G—d, boy!—I had never seen Uncle Kendall so excited as when he brought his hand down on the arm of his chair with that vehement oath—"I have thought of your wrongs sometimes till I would have given every dollar I am worth to prosecute that woman, as she deserves, for robbery and plunder; but she is too clever to give us a chance for *that*."

"Let us rather say that my father trusted her too implicitly," said the other, coldly. "Let it pass, sir. I think of it as little as possible. In fact"—shrugging his shoulders—"I have not had time to think of much besides my business during the last ten years."

"Have you made any money out there in China?"

"A little," was the reserved reply.

"Enough to keep you from going back?—for you told me a while ago you had no liking for the place."

"So far from that, I suppose my employers will send me back next month."

"For how long?"

"Another ten years, probably."

"Humph!" said Uncle Kendall.

For a minute nothing further occurred. The clock ticked; the fire burned obtrusively; Uncle Kendall looked at the leaping blaze; and I looked at the man who had come from China, and was thinking of going back again, until the eyes of this wonderful traveller turned on me, whereupon my own immediately sought the floor. After that I contented myself with looking at the druggist—feeling, the while, exceedingly hot and uncomfortable—until the voice which I knew so well, and (God forgive me!) disliked so intensely, spoke again, very slowly:

"I'm an old man, Ross, as you see, and I'm not a strong man, as the doctor tells me every time I meet him; so, of late, I've been thinking who's to have this old place after I'm dead. It ought to go to some one of the name; but I don't know one that isn't a mercenary, unprincipled scoundrel—unless it be yourself. Root and branch, they have been the pest of my life for years, until I have sworn that I will leave Kendall and every dollar I own to the county sooner than to any of 'em. You are the only one that has never tried to make any thing out of me, lad, and I have thought more than once of leaving it all to you; but, then, you were in China, and I couldn't tell what you might have grown into. Now that I've seen you, however, I am willing enough to make you my heir—only there's one obstacle in the way."

"What obstacle?" asked Ross. He spoke quietly, but I, who was looking at him, saw a sudden flush come to his cheek, and a sudden light to his eye. It was evident that the prospect of liberty and fortune was very pleasant to a man expecting to go back to China for another ten years. "What obstacle?" he repeated, after a minute.

"That girl!" answered Uncle Kendall, pointing his bony finger straight at me.

To say that the girl in question was astonished at this unexpected reply, would be to say very little indeed. I was so much confounded that I could not speak—I could only gaze, as if transfixed, at the finger, and wonder what Uncle Kendall possibly meant by such an assertion.

"She expects to be my heiress," pursued that amiable old person, after a minute, in a tone of great disgust.

"I don't expect it!" I cried, indignantly finding voice at this. "I never thought of being your heiress, Uncle Kendall! I don't see why you should say I did. I—I mean to

be a governess, and take care of myself. I told Aunt Kendall so yesterday."

"Indeed!" said he, sardonically. "And may I ask what you mean to teach?"

The blood rushed into my cheeks like a flame, and to this day I remember the keen throb of humiliation which made me hang my head like a chidden child. I had never been sent to school, but had grown into a tall girl of seventeen, with only such little smattering of reading, writing, and arithmetic, as Aunt Kendall could give. Under the circumstances, the governess idea was certainly sufficiently absurd; but, then, why need Uncle Kendall have taunted me with my ignorance in such a tone, and in the presence of a stranger?

It was the voice of the latter which broke the silence—quiet, but with a kindness in it which I understood instinctively to be meant for me.

"Beryl is the daughter of your niece, is she not?" he asked, addressing Uncle Kendall. "Certainly, in that case, she has a better right to your fortune than I."

"She has no right at all," retorted Uncle Kendall. "She is a fool if she thinks so! I have always meant to leave the manor to a Kendall; and I should like the fortune I have spent my life in making to go along with it. But *she* has to be provided for, I suppose"—the scornful finger was levelled at me again—"and so I have been thinking—she is pretty enough, as women go—that you might not have any objection to marrying her, Ross. It would settle all trouble. I hope you have not been silly enough to burden yourself with a wife—eh?"

"I have been too poor a man to afford such a luxury," answered the other. He tried to speak gravely, but my sharpened ears could detect an irresistible inclination to laugh in his voice. That tone proved a drop too much in the already brimming cup of my shame and confusion. Child though I was, I could still appreciate the indignity and contempt with which I had been treated, and burning tears of rage were in my eyes as I rose suddenly to my feet.

"I am going, Uncle Kendall!" I said, in a voice which trembled from the same cause.

"I—I cannot stay any longer. It is true you have fed and clothed me," I cried, passionately; "but you have not *bought* me, and you have no right to offer me along with your fortune! I don't want any of it—I would not have any of it; but I—I think you might have spared me such an insult as this!"

"Is the young fool mad?" demanded Uncle Kendall, too much surprised to be angry. "What the devil does she mean?—Take your seat again this minute, Beryl!"

But for once I was deaf to the voice of command. I rushed to the door, and it was while I was fumbling blindly for the latch that I found Ross Kendall at my side.

"Come back, Beryl," he said, as he might have spoken to a child. "Your uncle did not mean to offend you. He is plain-spoken, like all old people, but he meant no harm. Of course, his idea was absurd; but why not laugh at it instead of taking it like this? I have a better one to propose, instead," he added, laughing himself. "Won't you come back and listen to it? By Jove, if you

don't"—as I still retained inflexible hold of the door—"I shall order my horse at once; for your claim to Kendall is certainly better than mine!"

"I have no claim!" said I. But curiosity, operating with the last threat, brought me back. Then, having placed me in a chair, Ross addressed himself to my uncle.

"I have ten days to spare, sir," he said, "and since your letter was very kind, I came down, meaning to spend them at the manor. Now, I propose that, instead of talking any further about estates and heirships, we devote these ten days to learning something about each other. You cannot possibly tell how much or how little you may like me or trust me on closer acquaintance, while, as for this young lady"—he turned and looked at me with a smile in his kind, dark eyes—"I trust that she may at least learn to tolerate me as a cousin. All question of any thing else we will waive at once. It is enough to say that no consideration could tempt me to offer myself to a woman I did not love honestly and for herself!"

"The more fool you!" commented Uncle Kendall, in his usual candid fashion. "There is some sense in what you say about deferring the discussion of business till we know each other a little better," he added, after a pause; "only I am opposed to delays. We never know what may happen; and I had a fancy to draw up my will to-morrow, before I go—as I am obliged to do—on a journey of five or six days. However, since you have a notion for waiting, let it be so! I only hope that when I come back you and Beryl will have made up your minds to take each other for life. It is all nonsense, this thing of men and women talking of choosing each other for love. The only sensible thing to do is to choose the person who can make you most comfortable. If you both agree to what I propose, I'll see you safely married, and then I'll draw up a will leaving every thing I am worth to *you*, Ross. I don't believe in women's ever owning independent property. Married or unmarried, there's not one of 'em fit to be trusted with it!"

II.

Our autocrat was as good as his word, with regard to taking his departure the next morning. He announced at the breakfast-table that he had business which would detain him from home several days, and thus, to our dismay, Aunt Kendall and myself found ourselves burdened with the entertainment of our new-found kinsman. We looked at each other a little blankly; but there was nothing to be said, and, after breakfast, I confess that I watched, for the first time, with sensations of keen regret, the diminishing form of the tall old vehicle and raw-boned horse which conveyed Uncle Kendall to the railway town of Exford.

"Are you always so sorry when your uncle leaves home?" asked Ross Kendall, maliciously. He was standing by me on the steps, but I had not fancied that he was watching me until the tone of this question informed me of the fact. Then I started, and feeling that I blushed, I felt also a strong inclination to be malicious in return.

"I am not usually sorry at all," I answered, quietly. "In fact, I don't think that I ever was sorry before."

"And may I ask the cause of your unusual regret on the present occasion, then?"

"Since you have asked, you have no right to be offended if I say that it is because you have remained behind!"

"I am not offended at all," he said, laughing, yet flushing a little. "But are you always so candid?"

"How could I live with Uncle Kendall and be otherwise?"

"Candidly tell me, then, why you object to my remaining? I am a most inoffensive fellow, and would not harm you for the world."

"Why should you wish to stay?" asked I, impatiently. "It cannot possibly interest you to be shut up, in a lonely country-house like this, with a tiresome old woman like Aunt Kendall, and a silly young woman like me. There are no horses, no dogs, no guns, no books, no any thing to amuse you!"

"Suppose I would rather not be amused?" said he, smiling. "Suppose I would even rather be bored? I have not had time to be bored in a long while; and it is a luxury to a man fresh from China. So is a glorious Indian-summer day like this," he added, changing his tone, "a luxury worth coming back to enjoy! How it makes me feel like a boy again! I wonder if I might venture to ask the silly young woman to take a walk with me?"

His gay frankness would have put even a shy person at ease. Having no excuse ready, and being, moreover, mightily tempted by the golden day, and the soft, dreamy air (not to speak of the dark eyes and the extraordinary but exhilarating consciousness of having a man for a companion), the silly young woman in question readily agreed to go. We set forth, therefore, and if it mattered—which it does not—I could recall every word, and tone, and glance, which passed between us on that bright autumn morning—that morning long past now, which I spent like a very child in showing all my chiefest and sweetest woodland haunts, and which was crowned by the wholesale rifling of a chestnut-tree upon which we chanced on our homeward route. As we walked, we talked not a little, and, by a few questions, Ross drew from me all about my own history—of which there was very little to tell—and I think it was his sincere pity for my lonely, joyless youth, which first opened my heart to him. Does anybody wonder that I did not resent this feeling, as I am told people mostly do? I can only say in reply that it should be remembered that nobody had ever before taken the trouble even to pity me. Besides which, when Ross said, "Poor child!" there was much of tenderness as well as pity in his voice; and, child or woman, she would have been made of strange material indeed, who resented any word of tenderness from Ross Kendall's lips.

Well, it was a pleasant day. It is a pleasant day to look back upon even now, for it was only the beginning of others more pleasant still. It is fortunate, perhaps, that I cannot linger over the details of a story which just here would seem, no doubt, com-

monplace enough. Once in our lives, paradise opens for all of us out of the dull earth; and days, golden with the light of tender romance, shine upon us with a radiance like unto no other radiance of time. Does it boot to count the cost of the bitter desolation which often follows? We can scarcely think that Eve would have surrendered one memory of Eden for all the joys of earth. Yet she must have dreamed many times of the deep-green bowers, the shining waters, the marvellous glistening fruits of that fair domain, and waked to weep such tears of unavailing regret as have watered this sad planet of ours most piteously ever since.

It was in the midst of my colorless life, in the season of earth's most touching sadness, that some days like those of which I have spoken came to me. Surrounded now by sorrow and desolation—full of pain and weariness—I can thank God for them yet. Opening a drawer in the desk at which I am writing, some relics of them lie before me—changed, as the years which have passed since then have no doubt changed me, too. Brown leaves, once golden and scarlet with the burning touch of autumn—leaves gathered out on the hill-side with Ross—a sketch of me which he made one day on the blank leaf of a book, with "Little Red Riding - hood" scrawled lazily underneath; a few other trifles equally insignificant, and one short curl of crisp, dark hair. Few as they are—these tokens of the past—they open the whole treasure-house of memory to me. They bring back vividly those lovely days with their wealth of forgotten words and tones, their soft breezes and faint woodland fragrances. I seem to meet the dark eyes, to hear the frank, kind voice, and, if I lift my eyes to a present and a future which are alike desolate, I can still thank God that love—even our poor human love—stands forever chief among the Immortals.

Uncle Kendall was gone nearly a fortnight. To say that I lived an enchanted life during this time, would be to say very little indeed. For let it be remembered—in justification, perhaps, of my folly—that I had never before had even so much as a kitten to love. In my case there was no dividing and subdividing of affection into different rills—no father, mother, sisters, brothers, friends, to claim a share of my heart. All the love which was mine to give, swept into one great channel, and poured itself—for good or ill—at one man's feet. Looking back now, I cannot regret it. It was something—nay, I am still mad enough to think it was every thing—to have lived in the light of his smile for ten long, golden days, and heard him say a thousand times in accent before he ever said in words, that he loved me.

When at last he *did* speak, it seemed like something which had been long acknowledged and believed. We were sitting on a sunny hill-side—how well I remember the golden, dreamy beauty of that Indian-summer afternoon!—with a glorious sweep of country at our feet, clad in the gorgeous robes, and draped with the lovely haze of autumn. I had gathered from the ground two or three brilliant leaves—the same which lie before me now so brown and crisp—and, with the

coquetry inborn in woman, laid them against the rich masses of my hair.

"Are they pretty?" I asked, looking up at Ross with the eyes which I knew full well were like the summer sky at noonday.

He smiled a little.

"Why do you ask?" he said. "You know they are pretty—almost as pretty as you are!"

"Am I pretty?" asked I, quickly. "Do you really think so? I—I should like to be."

"Why should you like it?" he asked, in turn, looking at me with a strange intentness in his dark eyes.

"Because I am sure it must be the greatest gift a woman can possess," I answered, readily. "It must be pleasant, I think, to know that one has the power to win love anywhere and under any circumstances."

"Then you are like all other women," he said, a little bitterly. "You long not for one slave but for a thousand; you want beauty, not to gladden one man's eyes, but to give power over many. Well"—he drew in his breath a little quickly—"be satisfied. You have it! It is yours in greater degree than I have ever before known it bestowed on any one woman. If you go into the world—or, perhaps I should say *when* you go into the world—you will find men enough to tell you this better than I can."

His tone—which was almost harsh—took me so much by surprise, that for a moment I could say nothing. Then I felt hot tears rise into my eyes.

"That was not what I meant," I said, hastily. "I was not thinking of—of other men. What do I care for them? I was only thinking that, if I were pretty, you would like me better."

"God forbid that I should ever like you better!" he said, quickly, "for I fear—O Beryl, I fear—that I like you too much already. Child, don't look at me in that startled fashion. I mean every word I say. I love you, God knows, better than I ever thought to love any thing on earth again; but, if you came to my heart this minute, I should be miserable through fear of losing you. I loved another woman once, who was not half so beautiful as you are, and *she* deceived and forsook me. Why should not you do the same?"

His voice, his words, seemed to cut like a knife to my heart. I have already said that I was little more than an ignorant child; forgive me, then, if I sinned grievously against all precedents of courtship. Don't be hopelessly shocked that I extended my hands to him, backed by a pair of wistful, tearful eyes.

"Ross," I said, simply, "I would never deceive or forsake you."

His only answer was to take me into his arms. I think for a moment he could scarcely speak—so deeply had those simple words touched him. Then—but my story has nothing to do with the words of fond folly and tender sweetness which were uttered out on the hill-side that day. They are buried long since—buried by the rains, and leaves, and sobbing winds of many succeeding autumns—for the seasons which come and go in their appointed course have never brought such an hour again to all my dreary life.

The sun was setting when we took our way homeward. Oh, in what bright and tender colors does memory still paint that last happy evening! I seem to see yet the glow of sunset clouds brightening the whole landscape and reflected in the streams that took their way through purple ravines and smiling valleys. Even the windows of the old manor were all on fire, as if with a brilliant illumination, when we came in sight of them. "It is in our honor!" Ross said, with a smile.

When he said this, we were standing on a hill overlooking the manor from the rear. At our feet lay the old house, with the lazy blue smoke ascending from its chimneys, and its panes of old-fashioned glass blinking redly in the sunset glow; also in full view were the out-houses, kitchens, and stables, while farther back—out of sight from the manor, but clearly visible to us—was a small cabin, with an enclosed piece of ground attached, and a rough piazza in front—one of those establishments which used to be so common on every Southern plantation, where some old servant had been "turned out to grass" after long and faithful service.

"That is where old Sylvy lives," said I to Ross. "Did you ever see old Sylvy? No? Well, then, you ought to see her, for I really believe she is the only person in the world who is not afraid of Uncle Kendall. I sometimes think, on the contrary, that he is afraid of her—he certainly treats her with more consideration than he treats anybody else, and, whenever he is sick, he sends for her to nurse him. They say that she used to be his wife's favorite maid. Fanny Uncle Kendall ever having had a wife!"

"And, pray, why not?" asked Ross, smiling. "Uncle Kendall was not always an ogre. No doubt he was as good-looking as—as I am, for example, when he was young. He was married, I know; but he quarrelled with his wife, and, since her fortune was settled on herself, and her temper was as high as his own, she refused to live with him. They separated, therefore, but the law gave him the control of their only child, whom he accordingly kept until she grew into a girl, when she ran away and joined her mother. After that, he never saw either of them again."

"Aunt Kendall has told me all about it," said I, "and I think she was quite right. If I had only had anybody to run to, I should have run away long ago. Tell me what became of her, Ross. Do you know?"

"Dead long ago, I suppose," answered Ross, carelessly. "I never made any particular inquiries, but I know that, as long as I can remember, Uncle Kendall's wealth has been a source of speculation in the family. 'Whom will he leave it to?' I have heard Kendall after Kendall anxiously ask—which they would not have done, you know, if his daughter had been alive."

"I suppose not," said I. "It would be terrible if she was alive, though, would it not?" I added, with startling abruptness. "You would have to go back to China, after all, then, wouldn't you, Ross?"

"That would depend upon circumstances," answered he, jestingly. "If the will was made, Kendall would be mine, let who would appear."

"What a different Kendall we will make of it, will we not?" cried I, gayly. "Oh, Ross, it shall bloom like a garden, shall it not? Are you not happy? Do you not feel as light as the air? See if you can reach the bottom of the hill as soon as I can."

In the overflowing lightness of my heart I started—I was as fleet as a deer in those days—and ran down the sloping hill-side, carpeted with smooth pine-straw. Of course, I reached the bottom long before Ross; and, as I paused for breath, a small black figure darted at me from some unsuspected quarter.

"Miss Beryl, granny say, will you please, ma'am, come there?"

"What does your granny want?" asked I, impatiently. I knew very well that the "granny" in question was old Sylvy, whose cabin stood near by, and I felt little inclined for an hour's gossip over her rheumatism and asthma.

"I dunno, ma'am," said the boy—Sylvy's grandchild and factotum—"but she sent me to de big house fur you, and when she heard you was out in de woods, she tole me to keep watch till you come, and tell you she wanted pa'tic'lar to see you."

"Pshaw!" said I, pettishly. "Well, tell her I will be there in a minute."

As the boy ran off, I stopped to explain to Ross why I could not accompany him to the house. "Old Sylvy wants to tell me about the dreadful 'misery' in her back, and how she can't sleep of nights, but has to sit up by the fire and smoke," I said, with a grimace. "I'll come as soon as I can; good-by."

"Suppose I go in and offer her a cigar to let you off duty?" said he, laughing.

But I declined this offer, and so we parted, he going on to the house with his easy, swinging tread, whistling as he went; while I ran up the step of old Sylvy's piazza, and tried to open her door. To my surprise, it was fastened.

"Sylvy! Sylvy!" said I, rattling it impatiently. "Let me in—it is I!"

After a minute, I heard a fumbling at the latch, then the door opened slowly, and Sylvy's face—nothing more—appeared.

"Is that you, Miss Beryl?" she asked, peering cautiously out.

"Of course it's me!" answered I, too impatient to consider grammar. "Who else should it be?"

"I ax your pardon for keepin' you waitin', ma'am," she said, opening the door with her usual courtesy—for Sylvy was a negro of the old school, and often boasted that she had been "taught manners by her ole mistis"—"but a' body can't be too pa'tic'lar when they've got reason for wantin' no tattlers about. Walk in, ma'am. I hope your health's pretty well this evening?"

"Oh, I am always well," said I, with the boastful superiority of youth. "How is your rheumatism?"

"About as usual, thank you, ma'am," she answered, in the tone which shows that an answer is absently given.

This in itself surprised me, for Sylvy was always only too ready to talk of her ailments; but when I saw her carefully bolt the door again, I at once inquired what was the matter. "Why do you shut up your house so closely

this beautiful evening?" I asked. "It is horribly warm!" Which was not surprising, since a large fire was burning in the capacious chimney.

"There's some isn't warm, if it is a beautiful evening, Miss Beryl!" said she, solemnly and mysteriously. Then she pointed to the corner where her bed stood, generally covered with a quilt of bright and wonderful device, but now occupied, as a glance showed me, by a motionless and recumbent figure. "There's one as will never be warm agin in this world," said she, tremblingly. "You can go and look at her, Miss Beryl. How she ever got here, and she so fur gone, the Lord only knows!"

"What are you talking about?" asked I. "Who is it? Why didn't you send for Aunt Kendall if anybody is sick?"

"Send fur Miss Kendall!" repeated Sylvy, contemptuously. "What I gwine send fur her fur? She's so afraid of ole master, she dasen't say her soul's her own. If he'd a bin at home, I'd a sent for nobody!" pursued she, defiantly. "I'd a gone as straight to him as my old feet could carry me. But he ain't here, and I'm only an ole nigger, so I thought maybe you'd know best, Miss Beryl, what's to be done."

"I have not an idea what you are talking about!" cried I, bewildered. "What is the matter? Of course, if anybody is very ill, you ought to send for the doctor."

"It's too late for doctors to do any good to her," said she, shaking her head. "Come and look at her yourself, Miss Beryl! You ain't much of a one to judge, but you can tell death when you see it, I reckon."

I had not time to resent the slight thus cast upon my powers of judgment, for she drew me toward the bed, and, in the red light of the fire, I saw a sight which shocked and thrilled me. A woman, with a face of ghastly whiteness, lay under a heavy mass of quilts and shawls, breathing so faintly that it was difficult to tell at first whether or not she breathed at all, and with every line of her sunken face proclaiming, even to my inexperienced eyes, that Death was indeed laying his icy finger on the feeble pulses, and saying to the heart, with that power which no mortal skill can gainsay, "Be still!"

"Who is she?" said I, turning to Sylvy, who stood by wiping her eyes. "Good Heavens, the woman is dying! Who is she?"

"She's Mass Kendall's own daughter, Miss Beryl," answered the old woman, solemnly. "She's your own flesh and blood, ma'am, an' she hasn't any better place to lay her head than the cabin of an ole nigger like me!"

"Mass Kendall's own daughter!" That was all I heard. The rest of the speech—full of sorrowful indignation though it was—passed like the sounds in a dream.

"Why, it was not an hour ago we spoke of her!" I cried out, stunned by the coincidence as such coincidences do stun; "and Ross said that she was dead!"

"I knowed she wasn't dead," said Sylvy, grimly, "an' ole master knowed it, too. Many's the letter he's had from her, but he never tole nobody about 'em but me. 'I've had another letter from your chile,' he'd say to me, sneerin'-like. 'She's anxious to be

took back, now that she's run through all her mother's fortune; but I swore, when she lef', she should never have a dollar of mine—an' she never shall.' He's a hard one, is ole master; but I've up an' tole him 'fore to-day what I think of him. He druv' my poor mistis' into leavin' him, an' then he might 'a' knowed that the chile was goin' to follow her mother. I tried to keep her from it, poor lamb! but she would go, an' ole Sylvy ain't the one to blame her. I nussed her in these arms!" said the faithful creature, sitting down and sobbing in her apron. "I was the first one that took her after she come into this world of trouble, an' now—O Lord, Lord! to think that she's come back to ole Sylvy to die!"

I said nothing. What could I say? A great horror seemed to come over and benumb me. I sat down on a chest near by, and stared, first at the dying woman, and then at her sobbing nurse.

"When did she come?" I asked presently, in an awe-stricken whisper.

"Not more'n three hours ago," Sylvy answered. "I was a-sittin' in my door, knittin', an' thinkin' no more of seein' her than of seein' the dead, when she come a-toilin' up the hill, an' stood afore me like a ghost. 'Mammy,' she says, 'don't you know me? I'm your chile.' Then, when I foted her in an' made her lie down—fur she was white as a sheet—she tole me how she was a widow, an' how she had bin so sick she was afraid she would die an' leave her chile with nobody to puctect him—you see, he's her youngest, an' all she's got lef'—so she thought she'd come to her father an' see if he wouldn't promise to befriend the boy after she was gone. But, though she come, she was afraid to go up to the house, for fear he'd shut the door in her face, as he said he would; so she come to ask me what she better do, an', while she was a-talkin', she begun to spit blood, an' it went on wuss an' wuss, till it lef' her right where you see her now."

"And what are you going to do?" asked I, after another pause, and in another awe-stricken whisper.

"That's what I don't know," she answered, shaking her head. "If master was here, I'd go straight to him; but he ain't, you know, an' it's no worth while to go to ole Mis' Kendall. But I thought as how you—who's goin' to have every thing, they say—might take it upon yourself to have your own cousin carried to die in the house where she was born."

"But I am not going to have every thing!" I said, indignantly; "and I have no more right to give an order at Kendall than you have. In fact, Uncle Kendall would let you do it, before he would let me!"

"An' is everybody to say that my mistis' chile died in a nigger's cabin?" demanded she, vehemently.

Now, it must be premised that, under ordinary circumstances, Sylvy would as soon have thought of calling herself a cannibal as a "nigger;" but at present she had thrust herself so entirely aside—her whole thoughts were so full of the wrongs of her dying "child"—that she did not hesitate to use even this opprobrious term to express her sense of these wrongs more strongly.

"I—I don't know," said I. "It is terrible—but what can I do? If there was only somebody to take the responsibility—" Then I stopped, and gave a little cry. "There is Ross!" I said. "I might ask him. He would know what to do, and he would not be afraid of Uncle Kendall either. Why did I not think of that before? I will go for Ross!"

I rose impulsively and started toward the door, but, as I reached it, a low cry from Sylvy made me stop short. She had risen, and bent over the bed.

"O Miss Beryl," she cried, with a wail, "it's too late—too late! My chile is dead!"

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

A PLEA FOR FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

IT seems to me that, in these later days of many magazines and unnumbered newspapers, the pages of periodical literature have become a sort of tourney-field or tilting-ground, where challenges may be given and received, and lances broken in attack against or in championship of any pet theory or favorite hero. The doughty knights of the pen sally forth to the onslaught fully armed and eager for the fray, and while some touch with timid goose-quill the shield of some unnoted Hospitalier, others dare to smite, with undaunted stroke, the armor of Bois Guilbert himself. Others, again, are as eager in defence as are their *confrères* in attack. It boots not what charges weigh heavily against the object of their chivalrous devotion, nor how many witnesses may be summoned to prove their truth; nay, do they not rather delight in proving the worse to be the better part, and in tearing off the wolf-skin to display the innocent fleeces beneath? What pens have not been worn to the stub, what ink has there not been shed, in defence of such fair-faced sirens as Mary Queen of Scots and Anne Boleyn, those lovely dames who have stretched their prerogative as pretty women even beyond the borders of the grave and the confines of the century wherein they lived, and who still bewitch the souls of men and bewilder their brains by reason of their charms and fascinations, though the first have long since faded into dust, and the memory of the latter scarce survives? Nay, more, the very monsters and villains of history have found advocates to swear that not only was the devil not nearly so black as he had been painted, but that his character had been misrepresented all along, and that, so far from being a foul fiend, he was, in truth, but a calumniated archangel—Gabriel clothed by the cruel hands of Slander in the sulphur-scented garb of Beelzebub.

So I, emboldened by the example of those wise and daring authors who have of late arisen to do battle for the fair fame of Nero, Caligula, Messalina, Richard III., Bloody Mary, and Napoleon III., now venture to lift up my feeble voice in remonstrance against the ceaseless and unjust outcry which is constantly raised against the much-maligned organization called Society. I know that the

task I have undertaken is one of no small difficulty. The science of evil-speaking has become exhausted upon that one theme. Vicious, heartless, demoralizing, stupid, silly, ruinous, such are a few of the choicer adjectives which adorn the pages of the detractors of society; and where shall I, its one sole poor defender, find language sufficiently forcible wherein to disprove these charges? Moralists join in the cry, and misanthropes become eloquent respecting the heartlessness, the unreality, the frivolity of society, and never pause to consider whether they are not blaming it for a lack of qualifications which, from the very nature of its organization and its functions, it never was intended to possess.

The fact is, that society is neither an art union, a literary club, nor yet a benevolent association, and those who insist on its possessing the advantages and merits of such institutions are about as wise as those who would seek to gather apples from rose-trees, or who would quarrel with a hyacinth-bulb because it was not a potato. Nor yet is it, as its detractors claim, a society for the propagation of vice and immorality. It is simply an association formed for the purposes of social amusement and intercourse—nothing more and nothing less—and if people would only accept it for what it really is, there would be less disposition to cavil at it for the defects which, in common with all organizations of a similar nature, it undoubtedly possesses. Nor would its critics persist in seeking within its limits for qualities which it never claimed to own, and blessings which it never pretended to have the power to bestow. If we are in search of solid and substantial viands, shall we go to a conservatory to look for them? If I insist on promenading Broadway or Chestnut-Street on the 1st of January in a tulle ball-dress, can I reasonably complain if my costume lacks durability, or fails to impart warmth?—and is it the fault of the garment itself, or is not rather the wearer to blame, who insists upon perverting the unsubstantial fabric to uses for which it never was intended? Yet such and so wise are the criticisms of the cavillers at society. They insist that the gay *sprite*, Social Intercourse, shall assume the garb and gestures of the nobler angel Friendship, and then are wildly wrathful when the disguise they themselves imposed upon their light-winged visitor is cast aside. They quarrel with Terpsichore because she neither clasps the starry globe Urania nor wields the lyre and plectrum of Clio; while, if they would only accept the airy Muse for what she really is, they would find graces and charms enow to endear her to their imaginations, and to win her pardon for her lack of the grander attributes of her nobler sister.

There are those, too, who, not content with decrying society in general, extend their criticisms into minuter details, and sketch lively pen-portraits of the personages who haunt the gilded precincts of the fashionable world. Nor can it be denied that their strictures are often apparently well founded, and their portrait-gallery not unfrequently contains striking likenesses, whose great defects are, however, exaggeration and want of

variety, for they are usually drawn from one group of persons, and are as thoroughly conventional and as unreal caricatures as are the stage representations of Yankee and Irish characters. We have all been frequently introduced (on paper) to the heartless young matron, whose sickly infant is poisoned by a demoniacal nurse, while the unnatural mother is disporting herself amid the gay scenes of fashionable life; and we have all been edified by the mournful history of the noble-minded young man, with an elevated character and the best of principles, who ultimately fills a drunkard's grave by reason of the claret, punch, and champagne, provided at the festivities of the gay world. (Of course, there are no unfeeling, careless mothers, save those who go into society; and equally, of course, there are no roads to dissipation provided for young men, save those that lead through its glittering scenes.) One of their favorite portraits is that of the fashionable fop, a creature very luxuriant as to the whiskers, and very attenuated as to the legs, and whose poor, weak brains are incapable of understanding any thing more complicated than the mazes of the "German," or of originating any thing more brilliant than a remark on the weather, or the "compliments of the season." We acknowledge the vividness of the coloring, and the truthfulness of the likeness; but we'll frankly avow our belief that, if all the fools in society were to be led to instant execution, the race would still survive and flourish, and wax numerically strong.

The fashionable belle is another favorite original of those graphic pen-pictures; a being devoted to dress, and balls, and flirtation; who dyes her dark hair yellow, and paints her pale cheek pink; whose rattling chatter is as empty as the head from which it emanates, and who considers herself privileged to touch the brink of all we hate. The creature exists, it is true; but is she indigenous to the fashionable world alone? Do we not meet with the same style and type of female in every grade and station of life? She tosses her head and shakes her oily ringlets at us over the counters of the dollar-stores; she simpers at us from out the ranks of the *corps de ballet* at Niblo's Theatre; she prances round the stage in the curt habiliments of a blond burlesquer; and she minces and waggles along the pavement of the Bowery with much the same step and air that her fashionable sister exhibits on Fifth Avenue or Broadway. Save that her street-sweeping skirt is of calico and not of silk, and that her jute-lined tresses but feebly imitate the fuzzy amplitude of the Parisian-taught coiffure of the Broadway belle, she is in dress, as she is at heart, only a lower specimen of the same order of femininity. The worthless stone, a wretched imitation of the pure gem of womanhood, is the same in both instances, the only real difference being in the setting of the shining sham. Nor is society responsible for the valueless nature of the bawble she sometimes honors with a sparkling setting: she is as innocent of the foibles and foolishnesses of her votaries as a lake is guiltless of any responsibility in causing the pranks of the swans or ducks that may chance to disport themselves on the liquid play-ground its surface affords.

As we write, we remember the story of one who reigned a social queen, and whose mantle has found no fairer shoulders on which to descend. Some years ago, in one of our large cities, there dwelt a woman, beautiful and young, and gifted with talents, more charming than beauty, and more exquisite than youth. The stage might have claimed in her (so great and varied were her gifts) the most elegant and accomplished of *artistes*, had not society found in her the most artistic and talented of *élégantes*. Born in a station below the one to which she aspired, she made matrimony her stepping-stone to social elevation. She married wealthy and well, in the world's acceptance of the phrase, and, when the wedding-ring once glittered on her finger, she stretched forth her hand to seize society's shadowy sceptre, and it was yielded almost without demur to her clasp. Society could refuse nothing to a sovereign who brought as gifts on her accession the charm of an exquisite voice and the fascinations of varied but ever-bewitching genius, in addition to a loveliness of face and form unparalleled in our own land of beauty, and unmatched among the beauties of other climes. A few bright seasons knew her presence and confessed her sway, and then—but let us not tell of the end. She was and is no more the fair-faced queen of bewildering revels, the siren whose smile and song were alike irresistible. The ocean of oblivion has closed over the Venus that once floated in smiling loveliness on the sunlit foam. We have often heard society blamed for all that was checkered or clouded in that brief career, but society had naught to do with moulding or marring that woman's nature. The gay world was but the stage whereon she came to play her dazzling rôle; society was but the pedestal whereon her beauty and genius found place, that they might find worshippers. She left her mark upon society—not society upon her.

The truth is, that the so-called votaries of fashion, like the actors in some brilliant comedy, are continually *en scène*, and a crowd of critical gazers unceasingly watch their every movement, and hearken to their slightest word. If Mrs. Beverley Upperten and Miss Belle Delasaison make their appearance at Newport or Saratoga, a cloud of reporters, note-book in hand, rush forth to note down every flounce on their dresses, and every curl on their heads. Jenkins gets upon a rampage respecting them, and their doings and sayings, whether wise or foolish, are chronicled far and wide. Mrs. Brown Podgers and Miss Susan Jonesmith may spend a week at Rockaway, or a month at Cape May, unnoticed and undescribed, but the fierce light that is said to beat upon a throne glares as strongly upon the kings and queens of society as ever it shone upon the sovereigns of less shadowy and more extended domains. And Jenkins has, unfortunately, a sharper eye for evil than for good. He is keen to discover a flirtation, though slow to hear of a charitable deed or a kindly action; a divorce case or an elopement is as precious *trouaille* for him amid the flowery paths of the gay world, but he never tells us of happy homes and pleasant drawing-rooms, and, above all, refined, high-minded *womanly* women—those real ornaments to so-

ciety whose price is far above riches. The paragraphs devoted to such subjects would be far too pointless and tame for the readers of the *Daily Sparkler*; so, like a social police-reporter, our own correspondent confines his lucubrations to the faults, the follies, and the sins of the denizens of the fashionable world.

And we must remember, too, that what is called human nature (meaning, in truth, the weakness and proneness to error of our humanity) is prevalent everywhere, and it exists in full perfection, or rather imperfection, in the midst of the brilliant and artificial organization which we name Society. So it often happens that, on that highly-illuminated stage, the gay world, and before the gaze of outside spectators, who only look that they may laugh, sneer, or criticise, there occur sometimes catastrophes, unexpected, unwritten, of dire import, and suiting the dazzling comedy in which they happen as ill as would the catastrophe of "Othello" transferred to the "School for Scandal." And then the mocking gazers cry, "Behold! Such is society!" Not so, my friends. Human nature, if you please, and human nature *en évidence*, decked for display, unveiled to public view, and illumined by other and far more searching lights than usually shine upon the erring ways of weak mortality.

It is a singular fact, that there exists a large class of most worthy and estimable people who never enter into fashionable life, and have no concern whatever with society, and who yet cherish an undying and unreasonable enmity against it and all its ways. The odd feature about this enmity is its entire causelessness. The persons who most bitterly anathematize the gay world and the denizens thereof, are not, as one might imagine, disappointed seekers after the magic key that would open for them those glittering portals, but are usually quiet, domestic individuals, who have something else to do than to amuse themselves, and other duties to perform save those dictated to us by the laws of social intercourse. They have no taste whatever for gayety of the fashionable order; and, under the circumstances, it is impossible to conjecture why their dislike is so virulent, and their sneers so caustic. Such persons will say of a lively, socially-disposed individual, "Oh, she goes into society," or, "He belongs to the fashionable set," with much the same tone and air as those where-with they might chronicle the taking of a ticket on the straight road to perdition, or a voluntary enrolment on the muster-rolls of Beelzebub's myrmidons. They seem to be aggravated into wrath by the mere existence of beings and proceedings so entirely foreign to their nature, just as a swarm of busy bees might be roused to buzzing indignation by the evolutions of a party of bright-winged butterflies, or as a staid and sober bull finds himself fired into sudden fury by the sight of a gaudy scarlet garment disporting itself on human shoulders amid the quiet-hued grasses of his peaceful meadows. This odd state of feeling is not confined in its expression to the utterances of private life, but finds demonstration on the pages of more than one well-known author. Especially is this true of George Eliot, who, with all her large-minded tolerance for and sympathy with the weak-

nesses and peculiarities of the human race, can find no tenderness or toleration wherewith to depict for us a fashionable young lady. To such writers an inclination for evil seems to be more pardonable than a taste for society, or, what is perhaps the truth, they can better comprehend the former weakness than the latter.

To turn once more from society's detractors to society itself, I have often thought that it might best be compared to a picnic, where each guest is called upon to contribute something to the general stock for the entertainment of the whole. The *débutante* brings her freshness and her beauty, the woman of the world her charm of manner and her *savoir faire*, the dancing young man his leadership of the "German," the amateur songstress her vocal gifts and artistic graces, the wit and *bel esprit* the *bon mots* and brilliant conversation that lend a charm to dinner-parties and *conversations*, while the wealthy and hospitable contribute *filles* and balls, gay receptions, and brilliant weddings, the glory of grand toilets, the dazzle of diamonds, and the filmy loveliness of lace. And, if all members of society were only content to regard their contributions in the light of a proper return for that share of the offerings of others which they have themselves enjoyed, there would be less disposition to cavil at the requirements of social intercourse, and more inclination to impart freely of whatever they have to bestow. Especially should this idea be kept in the minds of amateur singers, who, as a race, are far more querulous, exacting, and chary of their good gifts, than are even their brethren and sisters of the operative boards.

"Are you going to Mrs. X——'s reception next week?" was once asked of an amateur prima donna, in my hearing. "Indeed I am not!" was the answer, delivered in the most snappish and sulky of tones. "She only asks me because she wants me to sing, and I am resolved never to go anywhere when I am asked for the sake of my voice alone." I turned and looked at the speaker. She was fat, red-faced, plain, and about forty years of age; and I said to myself: "Well, what other reason have people for asking you to their entertainments? You never were pretty, and you are no longer young. You have neither wealth nor fashion to recommend you; by the tone and substance of your speech you seem to possess neither good sense nor a good temper; so, if Mrs. X—— desires the society of a dancing young lady or a conversationalist, she can find plenty of pretty, amiable young girls, far better fitted for such posts than yourself. She owes you no social debts, for you never give parties; so, if you refuse to exercise your one gift, to contribute the one thing you have to offer to the general stock of society's treasury of entertainment, what does she or any other fashionable hostess want with you? Your voice will insure you—nay, has already insured you—a place in the gay world, at an age when unmarried women are usually shelved as being hopelessly old-maidish and unattractive. And, if you do, not like your position, your remedy is a very simple one, and entirely within your reach. Give up going into society, cease visiting, refuse all invitations, and rest as-

sured that, in a very short time, you will not be made unhappy by being called upon to exercise your beautiful and well-trained voice, on the cultivation of which so much time and expense have been lavished, for the delight of any one outside of your own immediate circle of relations and intimate friends."

And here let me remark, *en passant*, that I should much like to know why these misers of song ever learned to sing at all. It seems to me that music can hardly be regarded as a private and confidential art, to be indulged in only with closed doors, in utter solitude, and for the sole benefit of the performer. Yet, many distinguished amateur musicians look upon a request for the display of their powers almost in the light of an insult, and desire to be admired and sought after on any other account than for the sake of their greatest gift. They do not, I think, realize how pleasant it is to please, especially when the charm is so easily exercised. As I write, the echo of two voices sounds to me out of the silent depths of memory and the past: one, a sweet, clear, exquisitely-trained soprano; the other, a delicious baritone: and, when all other recollections of festive scenes and social enjoyments have faded away, these sweet reverberations of delightful strains will still sing to me of pleasant hours that beautified my life with their wealth of enjoyment.

I once knew a lively lady who went out very extensively, and had a very large visiting list, and who, in confidential conversation, was accustomed to divide her acquaintances into three sets—the pleasant, the profitable, and those who were neither. The "pleasant" ones were those whom she loved and visited for their own excellences and attractive qualities—people whom she loved to invite to small dinners and still smaller suppers, and with whom she enjoyed spending a sociable evening or an odd hour at an unfashionable time for visiting. This first set was necessarily a small one, but were, in my friend's eyes, compared with the rest of her acquaintances, as the diamonds in her jewel-box compared with the remainder of its contents. The "profitable" were those who either returned her invitations in kind or who graced her entertainments in some way, either by adding to their attractiveness by dancing or conversation, or to their elegance by personal beauty, fashion, or costly dress. These, though not the adored of my friend's soul, yet held a high place in her estimation. As to those who were neither charming in themselves nor socially desirable in any way, they were classed under the third head, and were far from being popular with her. She used to say that the members of this social third estate had no business in society at all, as they entered it merely as recipients, and were in the position of those who are always borrowing and never paying. Anyone who has ever gone out much into society can recall such people to their minds; very worthy and estimable individuals, doubtless, who come to entertainments in ill-fitting and tasteless attire, who neither talk nor dance nor make themselves in any way agreeable or useful, but, after staring and eating to their hearts' content, retire to repeat the process at the very next opportunity.

And if people would only be content to recognize this law of reciprocity, which underlies the whole social structure of fashionable life, we should hear fewer complaints about the so-called heartlessness of society. It is indeed true that the most lovable and charming of its leaders can find among their dear five hundred friends scarcely more than five or six to whom they are really dear whenever circumstances arise which bring the devotion of their acquaintances to any real or painful test. Yet, were the remaining four hundred and ninety-five loved with any more warmth or sincerity than that which they are apt to display in loving? If you or I, dear reader, were to depart this life to-morrow, there would not, I grant you, be one tear the more or one "German" the less among the ranks of our fashionable acquaintances. But is Hecuba any more to you than you are to Hecuba? Suppose that you were to be informed of the sudden demise of Mrs. Z——, a lady at whose door you have been in the habit of leaving an annual card, and from whom you have punctually received a *parallegram* of pasteboard in return, who has always invited you to her balls when she gave what is called a general invitation, and to whom you have always extended similar civilities on similar occasions, do you think that your heart would be broken and your spirit crushed by such an event? And why should they be? Our hearts are not hotels, where hundreds of guests may permanently abide; they are at best but cosy dwellings, with room and to spare for some six or eight cherished inhabitants. And if each member of fashionable society were to go through the world weeping and wailing over the death or the distress of every person on his or her visiting-list, they would have but a sorry time of it. Society would keep a perpetual and Easterless Lent, and crape veils and cambric handkerchiefs would be at a premium. This charge of heartlessness is brought against no other organization whatever, and yet there are none that do not display it in the self-same degree. If the member of a political or literary association departs this life, the other members are not expected to sit in sackcloth and ashes on account of his demise. When a gentleman belonging to any religious denomination dies, the congregation of which he was a member do not, so far as I know, expend any extraordinary amount of time or emotion in bewailing their deceased brother. Bank-directors die, and their fellow-directors survive the blow, and even, I doubt not, continue to partake of their customary monthly bank dinner with undiminished relish. Society, like all other corporations, has neither a body to be kicked, a soul to be "condemned," nor yet a heart wherewith to love.

No, let us not ask from Society what we never gave her, and what she has not in her power to bestow. She is the playmate of our happy hours, not the consoler of our sad ones. It is her duty to amuse and charm us, not to love us. She gives us freely of all her blessings, amusement, gaiety, pleasant acquaintances, lively evenings, and charming daylight hours, enlivened by agreeable visits, and merry, though, perhaps, frivolous conversation. Let us not ask her or her votaries,

therefore, for other gifts—gems that never sparkled among the fragile flowers that are her best ornaments—true love, sincere friendship, unflinching devotion. None of these were owing to us, because these are never given. When the cold storms of sorrow or adversity beat upon us, let us not strive to wrap our shivering forms in Society's draperies of point lace, or to shelter our heads beneath her wreaths of flowers.

Therein lies the madness of those who live for society alone. They make of the butterfly-chase, that should be the pastime of their sunny and careless hours, the serious occupation of their lives, forgetting that "life is real, life is earnest," and that, some day, to every votary of Fashion, as to each and all of the dwellers upon this earth, there will come a time when the sunshine will grow dim, and the limbs will fail, and pleasure itself will cease to be pleasant.

Happy are those who, in their happy seasons of social intercourse, have laid up for themselves treasures of sincere and true friendship in the hearts of the noble and the good; for the moth and the rust of Society mar not the perfection of such treasures, neither can the thieves Adversity and Sorrow break in and steal. But our acquaintances, however kind and pleasant, are not our friends any more than society is all of life. We can resign the flowers that decked our homes and made the air delicious with their scented breath, if we can still retain upon our bosoms the gems we clasped above our hearts. Woe to us, then, if we have given for the fading blossoms the price that would have made us glad in a wealth of uncorroding jewels! And, if we have indeed been so mad, we have no one to blame for our madness but ourselves. We are but maniacs or fools if we give our hearts and souls to society, and not even on such terms can we expect any thing similar in return. "Thee have I loved!" cries Wallenstein to Max Piccolomini, when the latter turns from him in the hour of his detected treason. The rest may go—followers, flatterers, parasites—all but the one of whom he can say:

"Du warst
Das Kind des Hauses."

It is the only valid plea.

Let us not, therefore, call Society heartless, vain, or vicious; let us simply take it at its real worth and for what it truly is. If we wish to be amused, let us amuse ourselves therein. If we have any gift or grace that can win us a share in the delights of that bright region—the gay world—let us bring it forward, and pay it away ungrudgingly for our admission-ticket—that is, if we have any desire for admission. And, if we have no such desire, let us not stand without the wall to sneer at the revellers because their ways are not our ways, or because their dance-music does not possess the solemn grandeur of Beethoven, nor their conversation combine the wit of Sheridan and the originality of Goethe, with the eloquence of Burke and the learning of Macaulay. Let the tulips bloom, and let us despise them not, even though we hunger after turnips. The tulips fulfil their duty in this world by looking pretty, and so

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

MAGICIANS.

AMONG the primitive races, men learned in the art of magic were treated with an almost reverential deference. Few substantial records of the ancient magicians of the East remain, though Egypt, Persia, Turkey, and Arabia, once numbered skilful conjurers among the greatest of their citizens. China and Japan also boast of their great magicians of old; but, in all these countries as well as elsewhere, the art of legerdemain has deteriorated. It is alone revived in inferior theatres and among the vulgar classes in Oriental countries. The prolific and ingenious author of the "Arabian Nights" was certainly aided by his knowledge of the weird and romantic traditions of Persia and Arabia, which peoples, more than all others, paid homage to their talismans. And it may be fairly asserted that the appurtenances of the modern spectacular drama suggest the revival of the craft of the old magicians in all its pristine importance and popularity.

Since the middle ages, France and Italy have produced eminent magicians. Men of profound learning and eminent in name drew from the silent depths of science the elements of curious devices which seemed incomprehensible even to the most gifted scholars. And thus they diverted themselves, to the bewilderment of their patrons and friends. Nearly all votaries of current literature have learned of the wonderful mechanical contrivances with which the famous conjurer, Robert Houdin, and the magician Hermann, filled their houses, to the infinite delight and astonishment of all visitors. I have mentioned that the taste for such entertaining and surprising follies is not of modern origin. Turning to the records of the seventeenth century, we find that many learned and able men of that time ardently devoted themselves to the discovery of chemical properties for no other purpose than to indulge their own eccentric fancy, and excite the wonder of their contemporaries.

The famous and gifted Jesuit, Kircher, was born in 1602, and died 1680. He passed the greater part of his life at Wurzburg and at Rome. In the French Academy at Rome, there is an unpublished manuscript of Kircher's, in which he gives an account of his museum, which contained many strange devices wherewith he amused and terrified his acquaintances. On one occasion, I requested Father Secchi, the most widely-versed of living scientists, to give me his opinion of Kircher's alleged museum, and he informed me that Kircher took with him from the world many profound secrets of science, which have not been since unravelled. Speaking of Kircher's machines, Father Secchi said: "They performed many marvellous feats, of the explanation of which we are wholly ignorant." Among his automatic instruments was one in which he appeared to have taken great delight. It was in the form of a turreted castle. Down the towers a couple of brass balls, unfastened by any cord or wire, were rolled, and, mysteriously vanishing at the bottom, would suddenly reappear on the summit. The same contrivance then exhibited a scene represent-

ing a large number of female heads in succession, each personating a different race, and wearing a style of coiffure distinct from the preceding one. While the spectators were wondering when this mystic succession of heads would end, a gate suddenly opened, revealing a dismal cave, in which a horrid monster, bound with a massive chain, lay bellowing and vainly endeavoring to tear from his throat a glittering serpent which had coiled itself around him. A hissing dragon and a savage-looking witch made fearful grimaces at each other out of little windows at opposite sides of the cave. After these performances, the cave closed up. Kircher would then further amuse his visitors by a representation of Jonah swallowed by the whale. This he succeeded in effecting by constructing a small figure of the prophet having a magnet concealed in one leg, and putting a more powerful one in the interior of the fish. When all was ready for the swallowing of the prophet, he and the whale were sent to swim in a basin of water. Presently Jonah disappeared down the fish's throat to the amazement of the spectators. The natural movements of these figures in the water, not the accountable disappearance of Jonah, baffled the scientists of the time.

Among other remarkable things in this eccentric priest's museum, were miniature ships which set out from port, their anchors having been weighed and sail set, performed a regular voyage, tacked, had their canvas reefed when the wind blew strongly, and returned to the harbor again. There were divers other hydraulic toys, notions, and mechanisms, in which the great philosopher took delight. He took especial interest in the magic lantern, of which he was the inventor. He constructed the first one about the middle of the seventeenth century, and it became a great addition to the supernatural capabilities of this wonder-working man.

His optical illusions were really of a high order, and there may be reason to doubt whether some of them were not used for a less legitimate purpose than the amusement of his friends. He contrived an apparatus for the production of aerial figures, and, on one occasion, represented the ascension of our Saviour in a manner so lifelike as to strike all who beheld it with awe, and they could not be dissuaded from the belief that it was real until they attempted to grasp the apparition. Another of his marvels was to put his friends in a darkened room, and suddenly to cast a blaze of light upon the wall, in the midst of which would be seen the mysterious word "Beware!"

Italy at that time teemed with similar collections of curiosities. Cardinal Aldobrandini was almost as great a magician as Kircher. He lived in Rome between 1571 and 1621, and he had in that city a villa, which might be named a little fairy-land, containing beauties natural, artistic, and magical, in no common degree. In a grotto in the garden the cardinal constructed all manner of curious rocks, hydraulic organs, and automatic birds.

The birds sang and chirped, the organs played sweet music, and the rocks moved and melted into fountains of water. To these were added several other pageants and scenes,

in which thunder and lightning, wind and rain, were miraculously represented. In one of the rooms of this villa was a copper ball forever suspended in the air about one yard from the ground. The ball was buoyed up by a strong current of compressed air. At the Borghese Palace the visitor was shown a chair, in which he was politely requested to seat himself, and, instantly upon doing so, he found himself tightly embraced by a monster, into which the arms and back of the chair, suddenly springing up, shaped themselves. In this palace there was also a statue of a satyr, who mimicked the human voice, and rolled its head and eyes in a manner terrible to behold. The Museum of Settala, at Milan, was widely celebrated, during the epoch in question, for various kinds of marvellous things.

If ever a man deserved the name of a wizard, that man was J. Baptist Porta, a genius who was born in Naples in 1550, and lived and died in that city. His work on natural magic is an extraordinary instance of the prostitution of an acute and penetrating intellect to the empty purpose of exciting popular wonder. He was the inventor of the *camera-obscura*, and with this, by constructing figures of wood, etc., and placing them in a chamber highly illuminated, he filled the side of the apartment occupied by his spectators with battle-scenes, shipwrecks, hunting-scenes, and spectres. These he accompanied by collusive agency with all the life of real representations. Horns were heard, men and horses dashed across the field, the wind howled, the sun shone, the very clouds moved onward, and the branches of the trees bent before the passing wind. Every thing in Porta's house partook of a magical character. His drinking-vessels were of most curious construction. If any one save their master ventured to raise one of those enchanted glasses to his lips, suddenly a shower of the liquid would drench his face and clothes. Another wonderful glass in this collection would yield its contents to none but him who knew the secret of its construction. Whenever his friends offered to drink out of the same cup with him, they found to their astonishment that he drank genuine Falernian, and they only water.

Or, when on a summer's day all complained of the sirocco, he would freeze his guests with cold air in the room; or, in an instant, he would let off a flying dragon, to sail in the air with a cracker in its tail and a cat tied on its back. In another apartment an air-drawn dagger would seem to strike at one's heart, or one's limbs would seem to be distorted, swollen, or multiplied. It evidently required strong nerves in an age of apparitions and devils to meet this philosopher when in his best humor.

Regnani, who, to my personal knowledge, filled the chair of Physics in the Propaganda, at Rome, in 1870, and who probably occupies that seat at present, used to narrate a singular discovery made at Vico Varo, in the vicinity of the Sabine Hills, in the year 1628. Regnani's story runs substantially thus: Among a community of monks at Vico there was a certain brother Bartolomeo, a man of noble birth and extraordinary genius. In his youth "Fra Bartolomeo" was a favorite and

a pupil of Cardinal Aldobrandini, the renowned magician whom I have already mentioned. Fra Bartolomeo was no other than a count of the Braschi family, which has given to the Church a pope, several cardinals, a score of bishops, and many monks and monsignors. During his scholastic term in the College of Nobles, Fra Bartolomeo, then Anthony Braschi, astonished the professor by his wonderful scientific attainments. In pneumatics he was an adept, frequently amazing and delighting his school-mates by causing toy-birds to make graceful and natural courses through the air of a large room. For refusing to explain the theory of this feat, he received a *caveat*, which in Roman colleges means "Take care, else you be expelled." The third time a student receives a *caveat*, his parents or guardians are informed of the fact, and the servants of the institution moodily pack up his books and baggage. Upon receiving his second *caveat*, Fra Bartolomeo relieved the rector from delivering the painful sentence by returning to his noble home. The unpleasant affair cast a shade over the Braschi Palace.

The effect upon young Anthony was to shroud his youth in melancholy, and, though the worthiest scion of an illustrious house, he passed years of voluntary imprisonment in his own home. He refused to receive any one but his chaplain, and many a moonlight night he passed in solitude and study among the flowers and fountains of the palace-gardens. The music and revelry of the many balls given at the palace did not affect the young misanthrope. He seemed to shrink tremblingly from all concourse with mortals. After a long and rigid seclusion, he left the palace, and was next heard of in the novitiate house of the Franciscan monks at Vico Varo. Here it is alleged that he attended more to experiments in natural philosophy than to metaphysics or theology. After being once sternly reproved by his superior, Fra Bartolomeo abandoned his chemical experiments, and betook himself to the study of ethics, dogmatic treatises, and canon-law. Regnani's history of this strange man concludes with stating that he was finally suspended from his duties in the monastery, and that he lived an eccentric life upon money regularly forwarded him by a kind sister, the only one of his name who recognized him after he had "fallen." On a piece of land which he had purchased, within an *olivetto*, or olive-grove, at Vico Varo, he busily employed himself in digging out a cavity, which in a few weeks assumed considerable dimensions, and excited the curiosity of the villagers. At length, he employed a number of workmen, saying that he intended to use his land for making geological observations. Having dug deep and far into the earth, he dismissed his fellow-laborers, built a fence around the excavation, and thenceforth worked alone. About two years afterward, the digging was again filled in, the fence was removed, and Fra Bartolomeo retired to the town of Guadagnola, where he lived in solitude, and unknown by all except his youngest sister (the Princess Maria), whose fair name deserves a lasting place in the records of heroic women. So true to her nature was she that at one time she offered to abandon her

house and title, go out into the working world, employ her talents to earn a means of living, and win some other name, if he would only quit his rude, strange, melancholy life, and accompany her. But the monk and noble had received too many killing yet unmerited blows, from hands whence he hoped for laurels and encouragement, to accept his faithful sister's proposal. The flame of ambition kindled by the successes of his early youth was fast flickering into obscurity. One morning his sister, while making a periodical visit, found him dead on a miserable pallet in his lonesome hut at Guadagnola.

Eleven years after Fra Bartolomeo's death, one Giovanni Cialdino bought the plot in the *olivetto* which the dead monk had so assiduously dug up. In clearing a plot whereon to place the foundations of a *casino*, or cottage, one of the workmen hired by Cialdino discovered an oblong stone. Digging below it, he found that it was a short stone stairway which led to a marble flag. The discovery was at once made known, and a gentleman named Bruno, who was versed in archaeology, was invited to inspect the unaccountable steps and marble slab. He ordered to continue digging, until an artificial passage-way was reached. Through this passage, and at its extremity, a dim light was seen, upon which discovery the workmen fled in dismay. Signor Bruno and the new proprietor of the ground remained, the former stating that he would penetrate to the light, as he felt assured that he had a marvellous discovery to make. On approaching the mystic light, they found that within a grating sat the figure of a man. More closely inspecting it, they saw a large sledge beside it. In front of the figure stood a massive stone table, upon which there was a plain-looking lamp covered with finely-cut horn. The light afforded was not stronger than that of a candle. Having reached the end of the passage-way, the explorers found two stone steps leading to a platform composed of large, smooth slabs. The crevices between them were not filled with cement or mortar, but remained open. When they stepped on the first slab, the figure rose. The proprietor then fled back, leaving Signor Bruno to perform the task alone. But the latter prevailed on Cialdino to return, protesting that the whole arrangement was artificial, which he proved to the proprietor by placing his foot on the first slab and causing the figure to rise, while, upon removing his foot, it resumed its seat. The two men then passed from the first to the second slab, whereupon the statue seized the sledge and lifted it over its head. Unconscious of how fatal their stepping on the third of these slabs would prove to science, as they placed their feet upon it the sledge came down with a mighty force, shattering the lamp in a thousand fragments, and breaking the table in two, thus severing the main part of the subtle machinery whereby the strange movements were worked. Iron rods, wire-work, and steel springs, are said to have been found on the spot and beneath the mysterious slabs; but, according to Regnani, no one ever discovered any clew to the secret of the perpetual lamp.

In the Franciscan convent of Vico Varo

there is a patched-up, ordinary-looking horn lamp, which the traditions of the monastery hold to be what is left of Fra Bartolomeo's lamp. Professor Regnani believes this story; and, when I last saw him, he assured me that he had made investigations with reference to Anthony Braschi's life, which make this tradition of Vico seem indisputable. Regnani's scientific works are standard class-books in the Propaganda.

P. E. J.

ROMANCE OF OLD COURT-LIFE IN FRANCE.

BY FRANCES ELLIOT.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED FREDERICKS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

HENRY was seated in his closet playing at cards, in company with Bassompierre, the Comtes de Soissons, Cœuvres, and Monseigneur de Lorraine. It was late, and the game was almost concluded, when Monsieur d'Ellène, a gentleman-in-waiting, entered hurriedly, and whispered something in the king's ear. In an instant Henry's face expressed the utmost consternation. He threw down his cards, clinched his fists with passion, and rose hastily; then, leaning over upon Bassompierre's shoulder, who sat next to him, he said, in a low voice:

"Marshal, I am lost. Condé has fled with his wife into the woods. God knows whether he means to murder her, or carry her out of France. Take care of my cards. Go on playing. I must learn more particulars. Do the same, and follow me as soon as you can." And he left the room.

But the sudden change in the king's face and manner had spread alarm in the circle. No one would play any more, and Bassompierre was assailed with eager questions. He was obliged to reply that he believed the Prince de Condé had left France. At this astounding news every tongue was let loose. Bassompierre then retired, and, after having made himself master of every particular, joined the king, in order to inform him. Henry listened with horror to Bassompierre's narrative. Meanwhile, late as it was (midnight), he commanded a council of state to be called. The ministers assembled as quickly as was possible. There were present the chancellor, the President Jeannin, Villeroy, and the Comtes de Cœuvres and de Cremail. Henry hastily seated himself at the top of the table.

"Well, chancellor, well—you have heard this dreadful news," said he, addressing him. "The poor young princess! What is your advice? How can we save her?"

Bellièvre, a grave lawyer, looked astounded at the king's vehemence.

"Surely, sire, you cannot apprehend any personal danger to the illustrious lady?" said he, with hesitation. "The Princesse de Condé is with her husband; he will doubtless act as is fitting."

"*Ventre Saint-Gris!*" cried the king, boiling with passion. "I want no comments—the remedy. What is the remedy? How can we rescue her?"

"Well, sire, if you have reason to misdoubt the good faith of the Prince de Condé, if her highness be in any danger, you must issue edicts, proclaim fines, and denounce all persons who harbor and abet him; but I would advise your majesty to pause."

Henry turned away with a violent gesture.

"Now, Villeroy, speak. If the princess is out of the kingdom, what is to be done?"

"Your majesty can do nothing, then, but through your ambassadors. Representation must be made to the court of the country whither the prince has fled. You must demand the prince's restitution as a rebel."

The king shrugged his shoulders with infinite disgust. Such slow measures little suited his impetuous humor.

"Now, President Jeannin," said Henry, "let us hear your opinion. These other counsels are too lengthy. God knows what mischief may ere this have happened."

"I advise your majesty," replied the president, "to send a trusty officer after the prince, and bring him back along with his wife, if within the realm. He is doubtless on his way to Flanders. If he has passed the frontier, the archduke, who would not willingly offend your majesty, will, doubtless, dismiss the prince at your desire."

Henry nodded his head approvingly, and turned quickly round to issue orders at once to follow this advice, which suited the urgency of the case; then, all at once, he remembered that Sully was not present, and he hesitated.

"Where is Sully?" cried he.

"Monsieur de Praslin," replied Bassompierre, who had just left him, "has been again dispatched to fetch him from the arsenal; but he is not yet arrived."

At this moment the door opened, and Sully appeared. It was evident that he was in one of his surliest moods. Henry, preoccupied as he was, observed this, and, fearing some outburst, dismissed the council and Bassompierre, and carefully shut the door.

"Sully, what am I to do? By the mass! that monster, my nephew, has fled, and carried off my dear Charlotte with him."

This was not, as has been seen, the first time that the grave statesman Sully

had been consulted in his master's love-affairs. He had passed very many hours in endeavoring to cajole Henriette d'Entraques to give up the fatal marriage contract signed by the king; he had all but quarrelled with his master in opposing his marriage with Gabrielle d'Estrées; and he had been called up in the dead of night to remonstrate with the queen, when, in consequence of a violent quarrel, she had sworn that she would leave the Louvre. Sully, like the king, had grown old, and was tired of acting adviser to a headstrong master, whose youthful follies never seemed to end. Now he gave a grunt of disapproval.

"I am not surprised, sire. I told you the prince would go. If he went himself, it was not likely he would leave his wife behind him—was it? That would have been too complaisant in his highness. If you wanted to secure him, you should have shut him up in the Bastille."

"Sully, this railery is ill-timed. I am distressed beyond all words. The princess is in an awful predicament. Laperrière's son brought the news. His father was their guide. He left them in the middle of a dismal forest. He shall be paid a mine of gold for his information."

Sully shook his head, and cast up his hands.

"God help us!" muttered he.

"Never was any thing more dreadful," continued the king. "My beloved Charlotte was lured from Muret under the pretence of a hunting-party. She was to be carried to the rendezvous in a coach. The dear creature started before daylight, says Laperrière's son, and, as the morning broke, found herself in a strange part of the country—in a plain far from the forest. She stopped the coach, and called to Virrey, who rode by the door, and asked him whither they were going. Virrey grew confused, and said he would ride on and ask the prince, who was in advance, leading the way, the cowardly scoundrel!" and Henry shook his fist in the air. "My nephew came up, and told her she was on her road to Breda, upon which the sweet soul screamed aloud, says Laperrière, and lamented, entreating to be allowed to return. But that ruffian, Condé, rode off and left her in the middle of the road, bidding the driver push forward. At last they came to Coucy, where they changed horses. Just as they were about again to start, the coach broke down."

"Praised be God!" ejaculated Sully. "I hope no one was found to mend it."

"Sully, I believe you are without heart or feeling," cried the king, reproachfully.

"Not at all, sire; but my heart and my feelings also are with your majesty, not with the princess. Proceed, sire, with this touching narrative."

"Condé then, says Laperrière, the night beginning to fall, purchased a pillion at Coucy, and mounted his wife behind him on horseback." Sully shook with laughter; but, fearing to offend his master, suppressed it as well as he could. "Her two attendants mounted behind two of the suite, the guides being in advance. It rained heavily. *Pardieu!* I can hardly bear to speak of it. My dear Charlotte in such a condition! The night was dark; but Condé rode on like a devil incarnate to Castellin, the first village across the frontier. When she was taken down, Charlotte fainted." The tears ran down Henry's cheeks as he said this. "She fainted; and then Laperrière, convinced of some treason on the part of my nephew, dispatched his son to tell me these particulars. Now, Sully," and the king rose suddenly and seized his hand, shaking off the sorrow that had overcome him during the narrative, "now tell me what am I to do? I would lose my crown rather than not succor her."

"Do nothing, sire," replied Sully, quietly.

"How, Sully! Do nothing?"

"Yes, sire; I advise you—I implore you, do nothing. If you leave Condé to himself he will be laughed at. Even his friends will ridicule his escapade. In three months he will be back again at court with the princess, ashamed of himself. Meantime Madame la Princesse will see foreign courts, acquire the Spanish manner from the archduchess, and return more fascinating than ever. On the other hand, if you pursue him, you will exalt him into a political victim; all your majesty's enemies will rally round him."

Excellent advice, which the king was too infatuated to follow! Forgetting all decency, and even the law of nations, he insisted on punishing Condé as a rebel, and called on the Spanish Government formally to release the princess. Spain refused; and this ridiculous passion may be said to have been the approximate cause of that formidable alliance against Spain, in which, at the time of his death, Henry was about to engage.

The favor which Henry had shown his Protestant subjects had long rankled in the minds of the Catholics. He was held to be a renegade and a traitor. It was affirmed that his conversion was a sham, to which he lent himself only the more effectually to advance the interests of the reformed faith. While he gave himself up to amorous follies and prepared for foreign wars, a net-work of hate, treachery, and fanaticism, was fast closing around him. Enemies and spies filled the Louvre, and dogged his every movement. Already the footsteps of the assassin approached.

After the birth of the dauphin a strong political party had gathered round Marie

de Medici. Her constant dissensions with the king, her bitter complaints, and the scandal of his private life, afforded sufficient grounds for elevating her into a kind of martyr.

The intrigues of Concini, whose easy manners, elegant person, and audacious counsels, had raised him from a low hanger-on at court into the principal adviser of his royal mistress, gradually contrived to identify her interests with those of the great feudal princes, still absolute sovereigns in their own territory. The maintenance of the Catholic Church against heresy, and the security of the throne for her son, were the ostensible motives of this coalition. But the bond between Marie and her chief supporters, the powerful Ducs de Bouillon and d'Epemon, was in reality a common hatred of Henry and a bitter jealousy of Sully, whose clear intellect and firm hand had directed with such extraordinary sagacity the helm of state throughout Henry's long and stormy reign.

Evil influences, which displayed themselves in predictions, warnings, and prophecies, were abroad. The death of the king would at once raise Marie, as regent for her son, to sovereign power, and throw the whole control of the state into the hands of her adherents. How far Marie was implicated in the events about to happen can never be known, and whether she listened to the dark hints of her Italian attendants, *that by the king's death alone she could find relief.* But undoubtedly the barbarous cruelty with which Concini and his wife were afterward murdered by Henry's friends had regard to this suspicion. Whether the Duc d'Epemon knew beforehand of the conspiracy, and insured his master's death by a final thrust when he had already been struck by the assassin, or whether Henriette d'Entragues, out of revenge for the king's passion for the Princesse de Condé, herself instigated Ravillac to the act, must ever remain a mystery.

Marie de Medici, urged by the Concini, and advised by her friend the Duc d'Epemon, was at this time unceasing in her entreaties to the king to consent to her coronation at Saint-Denis. According to her varying mood she either wept, raved and stamped about the room, or kissed, coaxed, and cajoled him. And there was cause for her pertinacity. Henry's weak compliances with Henriette d'Entragues's pretensions, her residence in the Louvre, and her boastings of that unhappy promise of marriage, had given occasion for questions to arise touching the legitimacy of the dauphin. Those who were politically opposed to the king would be ready, at any moment after his death, to justify rebellion on the pretence of a prior contract invalidating his present marriage.

Such an idea drove the queen frantic.

There was no peace for Henry until he consented to her coronation. Yet he was strangely reluctant to comply. An unaccountable presentiment of danger connected with that ceremony pursued him. He had never been the same since the loss of the Princesse de Condé. Now he was dull, absent, and indifferent, ate little and slept ill. Nothing interested or pleased him, save the details of his great campaign against Spain, which was about to convulse all Europe.

"Ah, my friend," said he to Sully, "how this ceremony of the coronation distresses me! Whenever I think about it I cannot shake off sinister forebodings. Alas! I fear I shall never live to head my army. I shall die in this city of Paris. I shall never see the Princesse de Condé again. Ah, cursed coronation! I shall die while they are about it. Bassompierre tells me the maypole, which was set up in the court of the Louvre, has just fallen down. It is an evil omen."

"Well, sire," returned Sully, "postpone the ceremony."

"No, Sully, no; it shall not be said that Henry IV. trembled before an idle prophecy. For twenty years, Sully, I have heard of predictions of my death. After all, nothing will happen to me but what is ordained."

"My God, sire!" exclaimed Sully, "I never heard your majesty speak so before. Countermand the coronation, I entreat you. Let the queen not be crowned at all rather than lose your peace of mind. What does it matter? It is but a woman's whim."

"Ah, Sully, what will my wife say? I dare not approach her unless I keep my word—her heart is so set upon being crowned."

"Let her say what she pleases, sire; never heed her. Allow me to persuade her majesty to postpone the ceremony."

"Try, Sully; try, if you please: you will find what the queen is. She will not consent to put it off."

The king spoke truly. Marie de Medici flew into a violent rage, and positively refused to listen to any postponement whatever. The coronation was fixed to take place on Thursday, the 18th of May.

It is certain that the king was distinctly warned of his approaching death. The very day and hour were marked with a cross of blood in an almanac sent to him anonymously. A period of six hours on the 14th of May was marked as fatal to him. If he survived that time, on that day—a Friday—he was safe. The day named for his death was that preceding the public entry of the queen into Paris, after her coronation at Saint-Denis. He rose at six o'clock in the morning on that day, Friday, the 14th of May. On his way down-stairs, he was met by the Duc de Vendôme, his son by Gabrielle d'Es-

trées. Vendôme held in his hand a paper, which he had found lying on his table. It was a horoscope, signed by an astrologer called La Brosse, warning the king that the constellation under which he was born threatened him with great danger on the 14th of May. "My father," said Vendôme, standing in his path, "do not go abroad; spend this day at home."

"La Brosse, my boy," replied Henry, looking at the paper, "is an old fox. Do you not see that he wants money? You are a young fool to mind him. My life is

lords-in-waiting, placed themselves opposite to him. The Ducs de Lavardin, Roquelaure, and Montbazou, and the Marquis de la Force, took their places on either side. Besides these noblemen seated inside, a few guards accompanied him on horseback, but, when he reached the hôtel of the Duc de Longueville, the king stopped and dismissed all his attendants, save those lords in the coach with him. From the Rue Saint-Honoré, which was greatly crowded, they entered the Rue de la Ferrière, on the way to the

his hand to strike, but only ripped up the sleeve of the Duc de Montbazou's doublet, upon whom the king had fallen. "I am wounded," gasped Henry, "but it is nothing—" Then the Duc d'Epéron raised his royal master in his arms. Henry made a convulsive effort to speak, was choked by blood, and fell back lifeless. He was brought back dead to the Louvre. There he lay in state, clothed in his coronation robes, the crown upon his head.

The bloody almanac had told true.



Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria.—Page 718.

in the hands of God, my son—I shall live or die as He pleases—let me pass."

He heard mass early, and passed the day as usual. At a quarter to four o'clock in the afternoon he ordered his coach to visit Sully, who was ailing, at the arsenal. The streets were much crowded. Paris was full of strangers, assembled for the coronation, and to see the spectacle of the queen's public entry. Stages and booths blocked up the thoroughfares. Henry was impatient for the arrival of his coach, and took his seat in it immediately it arrived. He signed to the Duc d'Epéron to seat himself at his right hand. De Liancourt and, Mirabeau, his

arsenal. This was a narrow street, and numbers of wooden stalls (such as are still seen on the boulevards in Paris) were ranged along a dead wall, forming one of the sides. There was a block of carts about these booths, and the royal coach was obliged to draw up close against the dead wall. The running footmen went forward to clear the road, and the coach halted close to the wall. Ravallac now slipped between the wall and the coach, and, jumping on one of the wheels, stabbed the king twice in the breast and ribs. The knife passed through a shirt of fine cambric, richly embroidered à jour. A third time the assassin raised

Henry had circled twenty times the magic chamber of life!

CHAPTER XXIX.

LOUIS XIII.

It is related that the night after the assassination of Henri Quatre by Ravallac, and while his body lay in the Louvre, his little son, Louis XIII., screaming with terror, cried out that he saw the same men who had murdered his father coming to kill him. Louis was not to be pacified until he was carried to his mother's bed, where he passed the rest of the night.

To this infantine terror, this early association with death and murder, may be traced the strange character of Louis; weak in body and mind, timid, suspicious, melancholy, superstitious, an undutiful son, a bad husband, and an unworthy king. The fame of his great father, and the enthusiasm his memory inspired, instead of filling him with emulation, crushed and depressed him. He became a complete "*Roi fainéant*." His reign was the reign of favorites, and nothing was heard of the monarch but in connection with them, save that, with a superstition worthy of the middle ages, he formally placed France "under the protection of the Virgin."

His early favorite, Albrecht the Gascon, created Duc de Luynes and Constable of France, was his tyrant. As long as he lived Louis both hated and feared him. He hated his mother, he hated Richelieu, he hated his wife, Anne of Austria. Louis, surnamed "the Just," had a great capacity for hatred.

Poor Anne of Austria, to whom he was married at fifteen, she being the same age, what a lot was hers!

Her personal charms actually revolted the half-educated, awkward boy, whom all the world thought she would govern despotically. He could not help acknowledging her exceeding loveliness; but she was his superior, and he knew it. He shrank back, terrified, at her vivacity and her talents. Her innocent love of amusement jarred against his morbid nature. Melancholy himself, he disliked to see others happy, and from the day of their marriage he lived as much apart from her as state etiquette permitted.

Marie de Medici, ambitious and unprincipled as ever, widened the breach between them. She still sat supreme in the council, and regulated public affairs. Richelieu, her favorite and minister during the regency, in continual dread of a possible reconciliation between Louis and his wife, and in love with the young queen himself, was rapidly rising to that dictatorship which he exercised over France and the king until he died. Both he and the queen-mother roused Louis's jealousy against his wife, and dropped dark hints of danger to his throne, perhaps to his life. They succeeded only too well; the king and queen became more and more estranged.

Anne of Austria uttered no complaint. She showed no anger; but her pride was deeply wounded, and among her ladies and her friends her joyous raillery did not spare the king. Reports of her flirtations also, as well as of her *bon mots* and her mimicry, heightened by the malice of those whose interest it was to keep them asunder, reached Louis, and alienated him more and more. Anne, too young to be fully aware of the growing danger of her position, vain of her suc-

cess, and without either judicious friends or competent advisers, took no steps to reconcile herself to her husband. Coldness and estrangement rapidly grew into downright dislike and animosity; suspicions were exaggerated into certainty, until at last she came to be treated as a conspirator and a criminal.

The age was an age of intrigue, treachery, and rebellion. The growing power of the nobles narrowed the authority of the throne. The incapacity of the king strengthened the pretensions of the princes. Spain, perpetually at war with France, sought its dismemberment by most disloyal conspiracies. Every disaffected prince or rebellious noble found a home at the court of Philip, brother of Anne of Austria.

Thus Louis knew nothing of royalty but its cares and dangers. As a boy, browbeaten and overborne by his mother, when arrived at an age when his own sense and industry might have remedied defects of education, he took it for granted that his ignorance was incapacity, his timidity constitutional deficiency.

A prime-minister was absolutely indispensable to such a monarch, and Louis at least showed some discernment in selecting for that important post the Bishop of Luçon (Cardinal Richelieu), the *protégé* of his mother.

Estranged from his wife, pure in morals, and correct in conduct, Louis, still a mere youth, yearned for female sympathy. A confidante was as necessary as a minister—one as immaculate as himself, into whose ear he could, without fear of scandal, murmur the griefs and anxieties of his life. Such a woman he found in Mademoiselle de Hautefort, maid-of-honor to the queen. Her modesty and her silence first attracted him. Her manners were reserved, her speech soft and gentle. She was naturally of a serious turn of mind, and had been carefully educated. She took great apparent interest in all the king said to her. Her conversation became so agreeable to him, that he dared by degrees to confide to her his loneliness, his misery, and even his bodily infirmities, which were neither few nor slight. This intimacy, to a solitary young king who longed for affection, yet delicately shrunk from the slightest semblance of intrigue, was alluring in the highest degree.

Long, however, ere Louis had favored her with his preference, she had given her whole heart to her mistress, Anne of Austria. Every word the king uttered was immediately repeated to the queen, with such comments as caused the liveliest entertainment to that lovely princess, who treated the *liaison* as an admirable joke, and entreated her maid-of-honor to humor the king to the very utmost, so as to afford her the greatest possible amount of amusement.

The court is at Compiègne. Since the days of Clotaire it has been a favorite hunting-lodge of the kings of France. One vast façade stretches along verdant banks sloping to the river Oise, across which an ancient bridge (on which Jeanne d'Arc, fighting against the English, was taken prisoner) leads into the sunny little town. On the farther side of the château a magnificent terrace, bordered by canals, links it to the adjoining forest. So close to this terrace still press the ancient trees and woodland alleys, backed by rising hills crowned with lofty elms, and broken by deep hollows where feathery beeches wave, that even to this day the whole scene faithfully represents an ancient chase. So immense is the château that the two queens, Marie de Medici and Anne of Austria, could each hold distinct courts within its walls—Marie, in the suite called the "Apartments of the Queens-dowager of France," then hung with ancient tapestry and painted in fresco, looking over the grassy lawns beside the river and the town; Anne, in the stately rooms toward the forest and the woodland heights.

Within a vaulted room, the walls hung with Cordova leather stamped in patterns of gorgeous colors, Anne of Austria is seated at her toilet. Before her is a mirror, framed in lace and ribbons, placed on a silver table. She wears a long, white *peignoir* thrown over a robe of azure satin. Her luxuriant hair is unbound and falls over her shoulders; Doña Estafania, her Spanish dresser, who has never left her, assisted by Madame Bertrant, combs and perfumes it, drawing out many curls and ringlets from the waving mass, which, at a little distance, the morning sunshine turns into a shower of gold. Around her stand her maids-of-honor, Mademoiselles de Guerchy, Saint-Mégrin, and de Hautefort. The young queen is that charming anomaly, a Spanish blonde. She has large blue eyes that can languish or sparkle, entreat or command, pencilled eyebrows, and a mouth full-lipped and rosy. She has the prominent nose of her family; her complexion, of the most dazzling fairness, is heightened by rouge. She is not tall, but her royal presence, even in youth, lends height to her figure. When she smiles, her face expresses nothing but innocence and candor; but she knows how to frown, and to make others frown also.

There is a stir among the attendants, and the king enters. He is assiduous in saluting her majesty at her levee when Mademoiselle de Hautefort is present. Louis XIII. has inherited neither the rough though martial air of his father, nor the beauty of his Italian mother. His face is long, thin, and sallow; his hair, dark and scanty. He is far from tall, and very slight, and an indescribable air of melancholy pervades his whole

person. As Louis approaches her, Anne is placing a diamond pendant in her ear; her hands are exquisitely white and deliciously shaped, and she loves to display them. She receives the king, who timidly advances, with sarcastic smiles and insolent coldness. While he is actually addressing her, she turns round to her lady-in-waiting, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, who stands behind her chair, holding a hand-mirror set in gold, and whispers in her ear and laughs, then points with her dainty finger, bright with costly rings, to the king, who stands before her. Louis blushes, waits some time for an answer, which she does not vouchsafe to give; then, greatly embarrassed, retreats into a corner near the door, and seats himself.

The Duchesse de Chevreuse, the friend and confidante of Anne of Austria, widow of the king's favorite, the Duc de Laynes, now a second time duchess, as wife of Claude Lorraine, Duc de Chevreuse, an adventuress and an *intrigante*, is a gypsy-faced, bewitching woman, dark-skinned, velvet-eyed, and enticing; her cheeks dimpling with smiles, her black eyes dancing with mischief.

The king sits lost in thought, with an anxious and almost tearful expression, gazing fixedly at Mademoiselle de Hauteport, who stands behind the queen's chair among the maids-of-honor. Suddenly he becomes aware that all eyes are turned upon him. He rises quickly, and makes a sign to Mademoiselle de Hauteport to approach him; but the eyes of the maid-of-honor are fixed upon the ground. With a nervous glance toward the door, he reseats himself on the edge of his chair. The queen turns toward him, then to Mademoiselle de Hauteport, and laughs, while the maid-of-honor busies herself with some lace. A moment after she advances toward the queen, carrying the ruff in her hand which is to encircle her majesty's neck.

Anne leans back, adjusts the ruff, and whispers to her—"Look, mademoiselle, look at your despairing lover. He longs to go away, but he cannot tear himself from you. I positively admire his courage. Go to him, *ma belle*—he is devouring you with his eyes. Have you no mercy on the anointed King of France?"

Mademoiselle de Hauteport colors, and again turns her eyes to the ground.

"Duchess," continues Anne, in a low voice, addressing the Duchesse de Chevreuse, "tell mademoiselle what you would do were you adored by a great king. Would you refuse to look at him when he stands before you—red, white, smiling, almost weeping, a spectacle of what a fool even a sovereign may make of himself?" And the queen laughs again softly, and, for an instant, mimics the grotesque expression of the king's face.

"Madame," says Mademoiselle de Hauteport, looking up and speaking gravely, "the opinion of Madame la Duchesse would not influence me. We take different views of life. Your majesty knows that the king is not my lover, and that I only converse with him out of the duty I owe your majesty. I beseech you, madame," adds she in a plaintive voice, "do not laugh at me. My task is difficult enough. I have to amuse a sovereign who cannot be amused—to feign an interest I do not feel. Her grace the Duchesse de Chevreuse would, I doubt not, know how to turn the confidence with which his majesty honors me to much better account;" and Mademoiselle de Hauteport glances angrily at the duchess, who smiles scornfully, and makes her a profound courtesy.

"You say true, mademoiselle," replies she; "I should certainly pay more respect to his majesty's exalted position, and perhaps I should feel more sympathy for the passion I had inspired. However, you are but a mere girl, new to court-life. You will learn in good time, mademoiselle—you will learn."

Mademoiselle de Hauteport, about to make a bitter reply, is interrupted by the queen.

"Come, *petite sotte*," says Anne, still speaking under her breath, "don't lose your temper. We all worship you as the modern Diana. Venus is not at all in the line of our royal spouse. Look, he can bear it no longer; he has left the room. There he stands in the anteroom, casting one last, longing look after you; I see it in the glass. Go, mademoiselle; I dismiss you—go and console his majesty with your platonic friendship."

Mademoiselle de Hauteport left the room, and was instantly joined by Louis, who drew her into the embrasure of an oriel window.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAYSIDE RELICS.

III.

EDWARD EVERETT'S BIRTHPLACE, DORCHESTER, MASS.

WHOEVER has visited an old New-England town—and Dorchester is one of the oldest of these—must have been impressed with the stately grandeur of the trees. They stand in ranks along the old country highways, and meet above your head in rustic arches, which the twilight shadows deepen and heighten. In summer-time, you enter one of their broad, inviting avenues with delight. Overhead, little patches of sky are visible here and there, and, if the breeze lightly stirs the commingling branches, they seem whispering together as they gently and majestically fan the air. The birds flit about and twitter sharply as if chiding your intrusion; while the sunlight, glancing in wonder-

ful sheeny rays, casts its softened shadows on your pathway.

The English elms are the finest specimens among these trees; their foliage is deeper, and is longer retained in autumn than our American variety. Occasionally you will meet with a group of the lofty, broad-leaved button-wood, such as stand about the house in which Everett was born. So fantastic is the growth of the limbs of some of these, that they appear not unlike huge pythons writhing in their agony; in winter, their ghastly white trunks and twisted branches have a weird and spectral aspect. He who planted these sycamores may have honored them for their resemblance to that Asiatic plane-tree in whose cavernous and hollow trunk, Pliny tells us, a Roman consul, with eighteen of his soldiers, found refuge from a storm.

Until recently, Dorchester was a model of quiet, old-fashioned respectability. Had you not known, you would scarce have believed the city only three miles away. An air of well-bred gentility sat easily upon the old town. The estates were ample, the houses capacious, the inhabitants hospitable. In many respects there was a greater resemblance to an English country-town than in any other of our acquaintance. You saw none of those prim little handbox cottages, owning scarcely a hand's-breadth of the soil, which now begin to imprison the streets and shut out the green fields forever.

But Dorchester has parted with its individuality, and is now a ward of Boston. Its ancient, west-of-England name, will ere long pass into the oblivion that already surrounds its more ancient Indian designation; the city, like a modern polypus, still stretches forth fresh arms, strangling the wood-nymphs in their green retreats, and seizing upon every available spot of ground whereon to plant its unwieldy bulk.

"New streets invade the country, and he strays,
Lost in strange paths, still seeking, and in vain,
For ancient landmarks, or the lonely lane,
Where oft he played at Cramoie when a boy."

The point where the old road from Roxbury burying-ground is crossed by that leading from Upham's Corner in Dorchester, over the causeway to South Boston, is known as the "Five Corners," and is the locality of the subject of our sketch.

Anciently, all of South Boston was known as Dorchester Neck, and was the common pasturage of the inhabitants of the town. The herds were driven to the Neck in the morning, and wandered at discretion over the hills and marshes, returning at night to the gate, which closed the entrance. This was the primitive condition of things in the days of steeple-crowned hats, buff-coats, and matchlocks, and for long afterward.

Over the roads just described, the army of General Thomas stealthily wended its way in March, '75, to occupy Dorchester Heights; and the inmates of our old mansion saw the shadowy procession of those silent men, with their four hundred carts filled with fascines, chandeliers, and screened hay, tramp, tramp, along the frozen road the livelong night. A figure, that sat its horse with matchless grace, passed and repassed the flitting column, and the soldiers knew they were going

to battle under the eye of their beloved commander.

But, as Mr. Dickens used to observe in his inimitable satire on writers of cheap fiction, "Let us not anticipate."

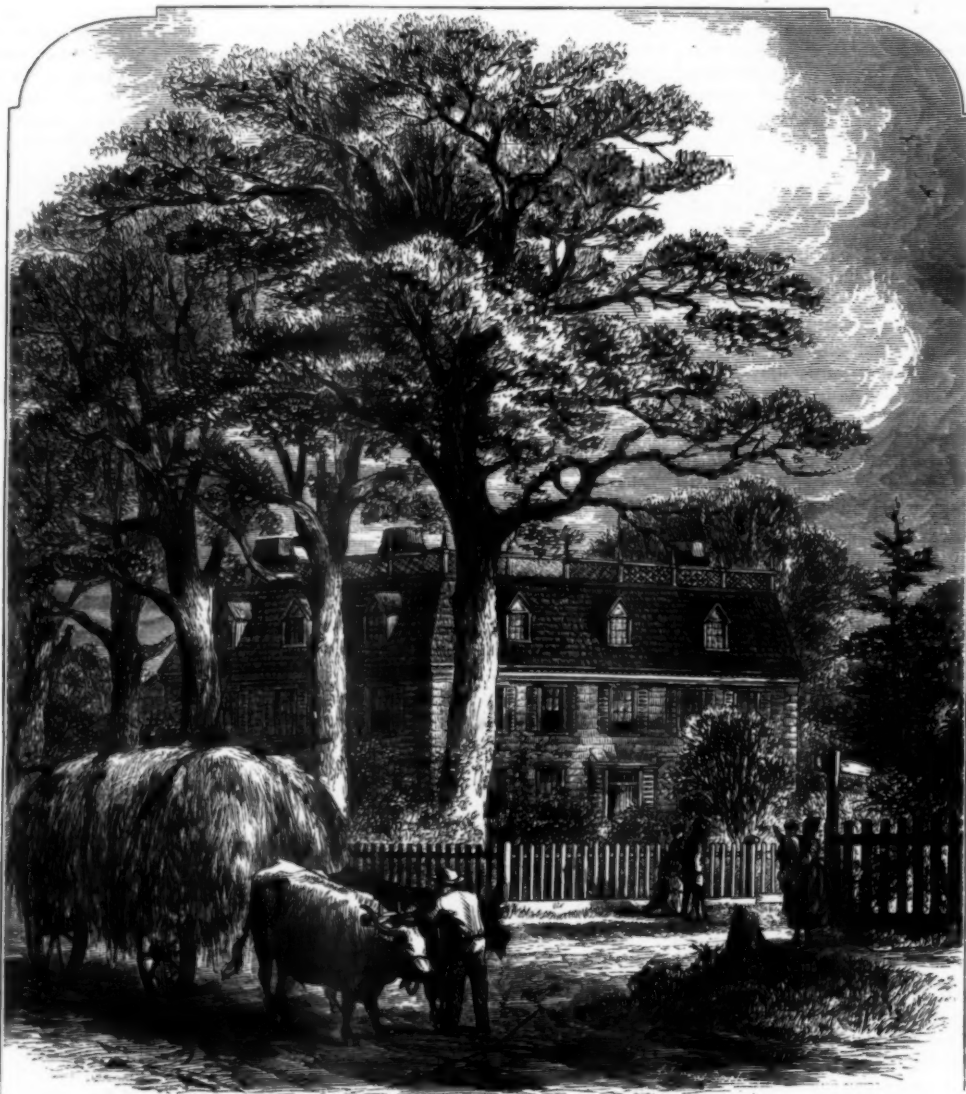
The house, standing, as we see, in an angle of two streets, has a south and west front, with entrances in each. The high, gambrel roof, with its wooden balustrade, assists to give an

"A brave old house! a garden full of bees,
Large drooping poppies, and queen hollyhocks,
With butterflies for crowns—tree peonies,
And pinks, and goldyllocks."

If you elect to enter the house, you must raise and let fall the old iron knocker, which almost frights the neighborhood from its usual propriety with its clangor. A broad hall opens at either hand into large rooms,

of Massachusetts under the crown, was either born here or on the estate, which reckoned in his time some forty acres of pasture and marsh. Dorchester might, appropriately, be called the home of governors, she having furnished Stoughton, Tailer, Belcher, Hutchinson, Oliver, Everett, and Gardner, to colony or State.

Colonel Oliver, a descendant of the Hugue-



B'RTHPPLACE OF EDWARD EVERETT, DORCHESTER, MASS.

imposing *ensemble* to the mansion; but they knew in colonial times, as well as we now do, how to keep up appearances, so that the structure has little depth to correspond with its height and frontage. Outwardly, the edifice is harmonious, and, though destitute of any particular feature of ornament, is decidedly pleasing in effect. It is, moreover, in excellent preservation—

and these in turn have chambers above. Everett was born in the east chamber, on the right of the picture. Nathan Hale, so distinguished in New-England journalism, and some time Everett's instructor at Exeter Academy, was married in the apartment beneath.

It is supposed that Colonel Robert Oliver built this house about 1740, and that his son, Thomas Oliver, the last Lieutenant-Governor

not Oliviers, a name renowned in French chivalry, was engaged in trade with the West Indies, and is reported to have brought the first negro slaves to Dorchester. It is said that he employed them at first in removing a hillock of earth, each laborer carrying his load in a wooden tray upon his head. The colonel, being advised to substitute barrows for a process so tedious, furnished his slaves with

them, but was at his wits' end when he saw the negroes approaching, each with a well-filled barrow borne on his head! It is not many years since the writer saw negroes coaling a huge Atlantic steamship in a West-Indian port, by carrying the coal on board in hampers on their heads. Cambridge, Betty, and Mimbo, three of Colonel Oliver's slaves, have stones erected to their memory in the old burial-place, a short distance from the mansion-house.

The son, afterward lieutenant-governor, had a fortune much exceeding that of his father, left him by a grandfather and great-uncle, so that Oliver, *père*, did not feel called upon to make any provision for him in his will, beyond the usual mourning-suit and ring. The younger Oliver removed to Cambridge before the Revolution, where he lived in the elegant seat now known as Elmwood—the residence of James Russell Lowell. These Oliveres were of a different family from Andrew, the stamp-master, and Peter Oliver, Chief-Justice of Massachusetts.

Thomas Oliver, a dapper little man, pleasant of speech and of courtly manners, was in no public office previous to his appointment as Hutchinson's deputy—a choice which occasioned so much surprise that it was currently believed the name of Thomas had been inserted by accident in the commission instead of that of Peter. But Hutchinson, who managed the affair, knew better.

One fine morning in September, 1774, the men of Middlesex appeared in the lieutenant-governor's grounds, at Cambridge, and wrung from him a resignation, after which he consulted his safety by a flight into Boston.

Having disposed of Thomas Oliver, we are at liberty to return to the paternal mansion. In 1775 it was the residence of Colonel William Burch, one of the royal commissioners of customs. This position was no sinecure, considering that the revenue must be collected at the hazard of the officer's life. Burch, too, fled, and the house was taken possession of by a detachment of the regiment stationed in Dorchester in 1775. Marks of the occupation are still visible here, as they are, also, in the old Clapp homestead near by, where the three-cornered orifices made by the soldiers' bayonets are yet seen in the ceiling.

Oliver Everett, pastor of the "New South," in Boston, from 1782 until his dismissal, in 1792, took up his abode here in the latter year; and two years later, the eyes of Edward Everett first opened upon this world: perhaps the first objects his wondering gaze first dwelt upon were the blue Dutch tiles, with their pictured stories, over the fireplace.

In 1802 Everett's father died, and the family removed into Boston. We shall not follow him to his several places of residence, but merely recall the circumstance that, when young Edward went to Ezekiel Webster's school, in Short Street, Daniel Webster officiated a short time as teacher there. Everett afterward occupied the house in Summer Street that had belonged to Mr. Webster.

It would be supererogatory to recite Mr. Everett's career in politics and letters. The world has but lately been reading his eulogy. Two acts will always especially endear him to the American people, namely, his ef-

forts in behalf of the Bunker Hill and Mount Vernon Associations. The completion of the monument, and the rescue of the tomb of Washington, are in no small degree due to him. His oration on Washington and his "Mount Vernon Papers," reached the hearts and firesides of an immense audience; they brought him nearer to the people than any other American orator of our time—we might even say of any time. The address on Washington was first delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association on the 22d of February, 1856, in Music Hall.

SAMUEL A. DRAKE.

OUR LATEST POET.

MR. WILLIAM B. WRIGHT may properly be called our newest singer. If we are not at fault, he has challenged attention by a single effort, while most writers appear by instalments in the periodicals before successfully impressing the public ear. He may have published occasional pieces; we do not know to the contrary—except that it seems certain they did not publish him; and our habit of handling hundreds of papers inspires us to believe that his name was not quotable, not current even, among editors—who stand nearest the shore and get the first glimpse of an incoming sail—until the present volume* arrived. We do not, in this assertion, overlook the fact that he issued a poem titled "The Highland Rambles," reprinted by Adams & Co., Boston, in 1862; but it is "The Brook" through which he arrests attention, and wins his present place. We have not seen "The Highland Rambles;" it may have fallen on an ill time (when martial voices drowned the notes of peace), but in "The Brook" there is the promptest, most defiant evidence of a poet who knows how to weave with fibre and with grace.

We shall come surely to see faults—and they are very apparent—but in the outset we are surprised, and tenderly touched, by a fresh revelation of beauty.

It is a just discrimination which terms the poet a maker or creator. If he is not absolutely so, he is so in the sense of bringing to light that which is hid. All senses, the sixth as well as the five, are with him alert and responsive. He it is who perceives the melody within a melody, and on whom the finer aerial pulses beat.

This receptiveness to Nature is also receptiveness to art and to the finer influences of books—which Mr. Wright does not readily, does not, indeed, quite harmlessly escape. As we read the brisk, pungent, and often supremely delicate phrasings and conceits of his flowing rhyme, we seem to step anew at times into the moulds of Emerson's "May-Day," and catch a waft from Concord. He has poached a little on Emerson's orchard; but, among all who have done this, we know, candidly, none who has brought back a better basketful or choicer fruit. But, if we hold by Mr. Buckle, and credit the type to

* "The Brook, and other Poems, by WILLIAM B. WRIGHT." New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1873.

the age rather than to the representative individual, we cannot count this sympathetic leaning as altogether a thing to be condemned. And, if blamable, it is certainly condoned in this case by the spontaneous force and beauty, and the imperial charm and success, which are in a large measure the outcome of the author himself.

Mr. Wright stands before us quite visibly as a sturdy thinker. He approaches the large problems of life, not at second-hand, but as they impress him. Their bewildering complexity are set forth in his verse. He syllables the tender joy, the inviting, forward purpose; and he catches and communicates the softer, more sensitive, *Æolian* refrain. His is too powerful a nature to be satisfied with detailing sentimentalities; yet, though a thinker of grasp and power, he is a dreamer too, who dwells amid picturesque fancies, and who can evoke visions and vistas by single, unmatchable strokes. He has a well-defined touch, a true perception; now a strong, and now a soft, *assurément* rhythm, as befits the ripples and eddies of his theme—and he puts a sweet, clear atmosphere over all.

In these expressions, we wish to confine our praise to "The Brook" simply, and do not apply it without large reservation to the "other poems." These seem to us—though not without merit of a certain order—to lack clearness and definite purpose. We are willing to hazard the guess that they were earlier done, and were put with the principal poem without revision. If they could not have been rewritten, we should have liked better to see them left behind as studies for the maker's use.

Unless this conjecture is true, we do not understand how the author's taste is so generally correct in the leading poem, and so often faulty in the minor pieces. He has a trick in these of employing unusual and uncouth words—words that lumber his lines, and do not help out the sense. Why do not poets and all other writers see that words are not ornamental in themselves—only incidentally so; and do absolute harm wherever they fail in purport or precision? Here are some of Mr. Wright's verbal offences—a few selected at random:

"Cyme," "stryads," "peplum," "characterics," "plumules," "evoc," "smaragdine," "tymbal," "manege," "spume," "basket," "sprent," "lental," "gurge," "threne," "springe," "barm."

And there are some lines of which we might almost say, as he expresses it, the "fog of sense" "curdles" the meaning.

In "The Brook," too, there is an occasional fancy somewhat far-fetched; and we think the plot—if by that word we make understood the underlying conceit—is too fantastically kept up; but the poem is, in almost all ways, a very perfect idyl, with delightful surprises, genuine inspiration, and astonishing *élan* and *verve*.

We had marked various extracts to show the beauty we have tried to vindicate, but, for lack of space, offer the larger part of the noticeably-fine conclusion. It strikes us as a very perfect, rounded picture; and, by its quality of contrast, worthy of perusal:

"The year moves to its sad decline,
A dull gray mist unfolds the hills,
The flowers are dead, the thickets pine,
In other lands the swallow trills;
For, since they stole his summer state,
The moping Pan sits stark and mute;
The slow hooves of the feeding kine
Crack the herbage as they pass,
The apples glimmer in the grass.
And woods are yellow, woods are brown,
The vine about the elm is red,
Crow and hawk fly up and down,
But, for the wood-thrush, he is dead;
The ox forsakes the chilly shadow,
Only the cricket haunts the meadow.

"The feast is ending, the guests are going,
In bands or singly they quit the board;
The torch is palling, the flutes stop blowing,
The meat is eaten, the wine is poured.

"The warlike game of life is over,
The lists are closed, and hushed the field,
The weary warrior draws the cover
Across his battered shield.

"What sombre metamorphosis,
Tell me, fantastic elf, is this?
And has dim age waylaid thy grace,
Stolen the dimples from thy face,
Set a fetter on thy mirth,
And touched thy bounteous heart with dearth?
The languid step, the weary eyes,
The feeble voice too well betoken:
Lamed are the wondrous energies,
And half the frolic spirit broken.
There is no laughter on his cheek,
His riant gambol is grown meek,
Yet are his shadowy depths intense
With some transcendent influence.
For no disasters can destroy
Thy secret hope, thy lofty joy.
The faith that neither comes nor goes,
Wavers not in any wind,
But with a consecrate repose
Ever clearly burns and glows
In the heart and in the mind;
Through the spirit's lattices
Streams upon the common air,
Makes the stars appear more fair
And doubles upon evening skies
The loveliness they wear.

"In thy still features is expressed
Mute rapture and a supplication,
A perfect peace, a heavenly rest,
The golden calm of holy passion.
It touches me with sweet surprise,
Transcends and startles and abashes,
As, couched in this uncheerful guise,
Thy deeper nature on me flashes.
Happy for thee, but best for me,
That to this spot I followed thee!
To read the simplest heart aright,
Must turn the leaf whereon is writ
The thing it prays for day and night.
Best judge is he that has the grace
To spy behind its shifting wit
The temple where it loves to sit,
And by the light upon its face
Divine the eternal type of it.

"From her eyrie in the north
The white-winged Winter screaming swoops,
Drives her talons in the earth,
And binds the land with frosty hoops.
The thin blood of the halting Brook,
She curdles with her bitter look.
Locks in icy gyves his feet,
And cuts his flesh with barbed sleet.
With weary back and head depressed,
And long beard frozen to his breast,
He toils to draw his staggering flood,
To the covert of a wood.
But see, he starts, he pricks his ear,
He claps his aged hands for glee,
Ah! closer now he seems to hear
The music of the eternal sea,
The haven and the perfect goal
To which the tides of being roll.
He shouts, he snaps his icy chain,
His spirit from its burden frees:
Light as a rose he skims the plain,

Swift as a dart he flees.
The little earth of death and birth
Is fast behind him falling,
And stronger, clearer, louder, nearer,
The awful deeps are calling.

"The rumble of the world's loud course
Ebbes from his inattentive ear,
The wine of youth has spent its force
And leaves its spirit clear.
Now solemn themes his thought employ,
He sits on Nature's temple-stair,
Walks by immortal founts of joy,
And haunts the tripod of sweet prayer.
Forebodings bright to him are given,
His faith burns like a sun,
And up the shining porch of heaven
His hopes like couriers run.
Upon his lips ripe Wisdom lays
Her purple clusters forth,
His words are fragrant with sweet praise,
And glad with holy mirth;
And life's tumultuous dithyramb
Changes to an eternal psalm."

We are told that Mr. Wright is a young man, a little on the shady side of thirty; a native of one of the rural counties of New York, and a graduate of Princeton in 1859. He was educated for the ministry, and afterward for the practice of medicine; but literature and philosophy held him by too strong a tie, and he escaped the two practical professions for more ideal fields. He served in the war—with credit, we do not doubt—for he "fought with Sheridan," and was promoted. He is now a professor of Languages in the State Normal School at Buffalo; and lives the preferred life of a student and recluse.

We shall look to him for something more, and perhaps for something even better in the future; for he has in his keeping a gift which will command attention, and claim the willing ear of culture no less than the proffered crown of desert.

JOEL BENTON.

THE SACRED TOOTH OF BUDDHA.

THE Portuguese historian, Diego de Couto, after describing the siege and reduction of Jaffna, in 1560, by the viceroy, Don Constantine de Braganza, proceeds as follows:

"Among the spoils of the principal temple, they brought to the viceroy a *tooth* mounted in gold, which was generally said to be the tooth of an ape, but which these idolaters regard as the most sacred of all objects of adoration. The viceroy was immediately made aware that its value was inestimable, as the natives would be sure to offer vast sums to redeem it. They believed it to be the tooth of their great saint Buddha. This Buddha, so runs their legend, after visiting Ceylon, travelled over Pegu and the adjacent countries, converting the heathen, and working miracles; and, death approaching, he wrenched this tooth from its socket, and sent it to Ceylon, as the greatest of relics. So highly was it venerated by the Singhalese and by all the people of Pegu, that they esteemed it above all other treasures."

The most remarkable object of interest to the European traveller, who finds himself at Kandy, in Ceylon, is, undoubtedly, the *dalada*, asserted to be the "sacred tooth" of Buddha,

which, for so many years, nay, centuries, has commanded the unreasoning homage of millions of devotees. The fate of this renowned relic is so remarkable, and its destruction is related with so much particularity by the annalists of the period, that no historical doubt can be entertained, even were internal evidence wanting, that the tooth now exhibited at Kandy is a spurious and modern substitute for the original, destroyed in 1560.

The tradition handed down from generation to generation may bear brief repetition. After the funeral-rites of Gotama Buddha had been performed at Kusinara, n. c. 543, his "left canine tooth" was carried to Dantapura, the capital of Kalinga, where it was preserved for eight hundred years. The King of Kalinga, in the reign of Mahasen, being on the point of engaging in a doubtful conflict, directed, in the event of defeat, that the sacred relic should be conveyed to Ceylon, whither it was accordingly taken, as described in full in the "*Mahavamsa*," the renowned metrical chronicle of the Singhalese.

In A. D. 1315, it was captured by the Malabars, and was carried back to Southern India; but, by the prowess of Prakrama Balm III., it was recaptured and returned to Pollanarua. From this date began and continued the troublesome times which followed the advent of the Portuguese in Ceylon. The sacred tooth was changed about from place to place; until, at length, after wars and rumors of wars had weakened the strength and courage of the Singhalese, and had compelled them, as a last resort, to assemble at Jaffna, it finally fell into the possession of the Portuguese, at the fall of that city in 1560.

When the King of Pegu learned that the sacred tooth had fallen into the hands of Don Constantine, he sent an embassy to the latter to tender as a ransom four hundred thousand crusadoes (about two hundred thousand dollars in gold), with offers of his alliance and services in many capacities, and an engagement to provision the Portuguese fort at Malacca as often as it should be required of him. The generous offer might have been accepted but for the interposition of the archbishop, who resisted it as an encouragement to idolatry. The viceroy shared his opinion; the offer was spurned, the "tooth was placed in a mortar by the archbishop in presence of the court, and reduced to powder and burned, its ashes being scattered over the sea."

And now follows the strangest part of the delusion. At the birth of Brama, King of Pegu, the astrologers who cast his nativity predicted that he should marry a daughter of the King of Ceylon, who was to have such and such marks and features, and certain proportions of limbs and figure. Brama, desirous to fulfil the prediction, sent ambassadors to Don Juan, King of Cotta, to beseech the daughter of the latter in marriage. Don Juan, unfortunately, had no offspring; but his chamberlain, a crafty fellow, suggested the substitution of his own daughter, and added impiety to fraud by feigning to the Peguan envoys that he still held, in secret, the genuine *dalada*, falsely supposed to have been destroyed by the Christians at Goa.

The ambassador and the *talapoens* evinced their delight on this intelligence, and be-

sought the chamberlain for permission to see it. He consented reluctantly, and, first obliging them to disguise themselves, he conducted them, by night, to his residence, and there exhibited the tooth in its shrine, resting on an altar, surrounded by perfumes and lights. At the sight they prostrated themselves on the ground, and spent the greater part of the night in ceremonies and superstitious devotion.

Suffice it to say that the girl and the sacred tooth were sent to Brama, by whom they were received with great magnificence and splendor.

After a while, the King of Kandy, on learning the deception which had been perpetrated by his cousin of Cotta, apprised the Peguan sovereign of the imposture; and, to redress it, he offered him his own daughter in marriage, and proposed as her dowry the *veritable tooth*. Brama, says Faria-y-Souza, the unscrupulous author of the "Asia Portuguesa," "gave ear to the ambassadors, but not to their information; and thus had Don Constantine de Braganza sold the tooth, as he was appraised there had not been *two* set up to be adored by so many people."

The incidents of this narrative are too minute, and their credibility is established by too many contemporary and concurrent authorities, to admit of any doubt that the authenticity of the tooth now preserved in the Malagawa, at Kandy, is no higher than its antiquity, and that the supposed relic is a clumsy substitute, manufactured by the King of Kandy, in 1566, to replace the original *dalada* destroyed by the Portuguese in 1560.

It remains only to give a description of the shrine. The apartment in which the false relic is deposited is in the inmost recess of the *vihara*, or temple, a small chamber—the *sanctum sanctorum*—without windows, in which the air is stiflingly hot and heavy with the perfume of flowers. The frames of the doors are inlaid with carved ivory, and on a massive silver table stands the bell-shaped *carandua*, the shrine, which encloses the relic, incrustated with gems, and festooned with jewelled chains.

The outer case contains a number of others, similarly wrought, but diminishing in size, till on removing the inner one a golden lotus is disclosed, in the centre of which reposes the mysterious tooth.

The internal evidence against the *genuineness* of the tooth is this: The tooth of Buddha was probably human, both as regarded its size and appearance; whereas the one now exhibited, on sacred days, is nothing but a piece of discolored ivory, two inches long, one and a quarter in diameter, and resembles more the tooth of an alligator than that of a man.

Its popular acceptance, notwithstanding this anomalous shape, may probably be accounted for by the familiarity of the Kandians, under their later kings, with the forms of some of the Hindoo deities, among whom Vishnu and Kali are occasionally depicted with similarly projecting canines. However, we are inclined to believe that the teeth of the luckless Buddha were not unlike those of his descendants, and that these latter are laboring under one of the most singular of the world's delusions.

GEORGE L. AUSTIN.

A RHYME OF THE RAIN.

LIKE a blotch upon a beauty,
Comes a cloud across the sky;
Like an unrelenting duty,
Fall the rain-drops from on high;
Like death upon a holiday,
Like sleigh-ride upon wheels,
Like jilting on a jolly day,
Like medicine at meals,
Sets in a storm preposterous,
Of every plan the bane;
Now sullen, and now boisterous,
Malicious, mean, or roisterous,
But always moist and moisture-ous,
Forever on the gain,
And never on the wane,
Bringing sudden consternation,
And a long-drawn botheration,
To the men upon the house-top, and the cattle
in the plain.
How it pours, pours, pours,
In a never-ending sheet!
How it drives beneath the doors!
How it soaks the passer's feet!
How it rattles on the shutter!
How it rumples up the lawn!
How 'twill sigh, and moan, and mutter,
From darkness until dawn!—
Making human life a burden,
Making joy a flimsy wile,
Making bondage seem a guerdon
In the rainless fields of Egypt, by the clever
river Nile.

Yet how pleasantly the rain,
With its delicate refrain,
May sing away the sultriness of summer day
or night!
Set the drooping grass a-springing,
And the robin's throat a-ringing,
Fill the meadow-lands with verdure, and the
hills with glistening light!
Or in April, fickle-hearted,
Ere the chill has quite departed,
That the frosts, and the snows, and the howl-
ing winds, have brought,
When all the signs of gladness
Take a sombre tinge of sadness,
For days and deeds that come no more, and
dreams that fell to naught!
Then, in half-unwelcome leisure,
'Tis a sort of solemn pleasure
To sit beside the ingle,
Or to lie beneath the shingle,
And listen to the patter of the rain, rain, rain,
To the drip, drip, drip,
And the patter, patter, patter,
On the roof, and the shutter, and the pane,
pane, pane.

But whether night or daytime,
In harvest-time or play-time,
And whether pour or patter,
The early rain or latter
Reigns over human purpose, and plays with
human fears—
Sets mighty armies shouting,

Sends little Cupid pouting,
Turns trusting into doubting,
And triumph into tears.

Oh! sadly I remember
One treacherous September,
When the autumn equinoctial came a week or
so too soon.
I had started, with a cousin,
For the church, among a dozen
Maids and matrons who were airing
The "fall styles," and gayly wearing
The very newest, sweetest thing in bonnets
'neath the moon.
And midway of the journey,
Like a thousand knights in tourney,
The levelled lances of the rain drove furious at
our breast;
And the "fall styles" fell and wilted,
On the dames so proudly kilted,
And by sudden transformation worse than
worst became the best.

Though I now am sere and yellow,
I was then a valiant fellow,
And esteemed it more a joy to serve the ladies
than to live.
Imagine, then, my feelings,
'Mid the shrinkings and the squealings,
When my "water-proof" umbrella proved a
sieve, sieve, sieve!
When my shiny new umbrella proved a sieve!
What a sorry lot of mortals
Sat within the sacred portals,
In their mermaid millinery looking sad, and,
sad!

Nothing dry except the sermon,
Which discoursed on dew of Hermon
And the streams which, saith the Scripture, do
make glad, glad, glad!
So the preacher praised the waters
To those mothers, wives, and daughters,
Every dripping, draggled one of whom was
mad, mad, mad!
And my bright and handsome cousin,
Sweetest girl among the dozen,
Or among a dozen dozen you might meet along
the way,
Then a hopeful, sprightly lassie,
Now, I fear, a little *passée*,
Dates the ruin of her chances from that rainy
Sabbath-day.
She had spent her last round dollar
For the bonnet, gloves, and collar,
That should have proved effective on the smart
young pulpiteer;
But he rode home in the carriage
Of her rival, and their marriage
Was solemnized (my cousin's word) in less
than half a year.

But gladly I remember
One crimson-hued September,
When we strayed along the hedges and within
the gorgeous wold;
A merry autumn party
Of men and maidens hearty,
Rejoicing in the foliage of scarlet and of
gold;
And ere we thought of turning,
Or saw a sign of warning,

We heard upon the fallen leaves the footsteps
of the rain.

Away went rules conventional!

And I, with haste intentional,

Just clapped my good old broad-brim on the
head of Annie Blaine.

That extemporized umbrella

Threw cold water on a fellow

Who was courting, in a lazy sort of way, Miss
Annie Blaine;

While it made me quite a gallant,

And a fine young man of talent,

In the eyes and estimation of the beautiful
Annie Blaine.

In the dreamy summer haze

Of my far-off boyish days,

I had chased the luring butterfly across the
grassy plain.

But I never threw my hat

O'er a prize so fair as that

When it sheltered, caught, and gave me, the
lovely Annie Blaine.

And I've blessed that gentle rain

Again and yet again,

For the flowers it set blooming in my life, life,
life;

For the crimson and the gold

That adorn the little fold

Where I find an autumn sheller with my wife,
wife, wife.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

IT was my good fortune, during a visit to Virginia in 1859, to make the acquaintance of John R. Thompson, one of the most graceful poets and versatile writers of the Southern States—a chivalrous and genial gentleman, and one of the most modest, highly-cultivated, and accomplished of conversationalists, abounding in apt quotation and inexhaustible anecdote. He was then the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which he conducted with such taste and skill as to speedily win for it the position of the leading literary magazine published in the South. It was published in Richmond, where he was then residing, and to his courtesy and kindness I was indebted for introductions to several of the best families of that city, among whom I observed he was ever a most welcome guest. I have also most agreeable recollections of several pleasant rides and rambles, made in his company, to places of interest in the environs of Richmond, which, like Rome, stands upon seven hills.

"The circles of felicity," writes Sir Thomas Browne, "make short arches." Who shall question the wise axiom of the stout old knight of Norwich? My fortnight of enjoyment in the capital of the Old Dominion was at an end, and I was on the following morning to take my departure for the North. "Remain another day," urged Mr. Thompson, "and we will go and see old Blandford." At length, assenting to his pleasant proposal, we set out by an early train on the following day for Petersburg. Blandford was then but a suburb of the since long-beleaguered city

of Petersburg, the glory of the town having half a century since passed away. A hundred years ago, when Petersburg was in its infancy, Blandford was a populous town, and the centre of the fashion and refinement of that district of country. The principal object of our visit was to see the remains of the old church, one of the most interesting and picturesque ruins in the United States. The edifice is cruciform, and built of large brick imported from England. Its exact age is unknown; but, from the dates on the tombs in the burial-ground, is known to have been erected before the year 1725. This ancient colonial church has recently had a new roof put upon it in the exact style of the old one; but it is no longer used, having since been dismantled of its interior decorations, and also of its doors and windows. Many of the moss-covered monuments and tombstones presented a most picturesque appearance, being almost hid from the view by the luxuriant ivy and other creeping vines with which they were covered.

When the war came, Thompson was the Tyrtæus of the cause that he believed to be the cause of right and justice. As early as December, 1860, he wrote to me, saying: "You have no idea of the extent and depth of the feeling that pervades the South on the subject of the sectional issue now made up. A breaking up of the Union into two or more large divisions, is, I fear, inevitable, with what danger to peace and civilization God only knows. I need not say to you that I deeply regret (apart from the fearful alienation of North and South) that we cannot have the pleasure of seeing you in Richmond this winter. Another visit from you would be exceedingly gratifying to me, and I hope we may yet meet in Virginia, where there are many who remember you most kindly. You will find our little town greatly improved in many respects since October, 1859." During the war, he gave, like his friend William Gilmore Simms, all his energy to the Southern cause, and, on its termination, pursued for several years a literary life in London, a calling which his friend Carlyle has humorously described as "an anarchic, nomadic, and entirely aerial and ill-conditioned profession." Four years ago he came to New York and became associated with Bryant and Godwin as the literary editor of the *Evening Post*. He made many acquaintances in his new home, and among his old friends his great personal worth caused all political differences to be forgotten. Unlike Simms, he never alluded to the "lost cause."

For several years his continuously failing health was a subject of solicitude on the part of his many attached friends. On his part, he never bated one jot of heart or hope, but worked on manfully, and continued almost to the last to frequent the society of congenial spirits, and to enjoy passing public amusements. Among the latest of his always graceful notes, I have one before me running as follows: "I cannot take my Thanksgiving dinner with you, as you so kindly and hospitably propose, because I have promised to go to New Haven. As, according to Sir Boyle Roche, a man cannot be in two places at once, barring he were a bird, you will see that it will not be 'possibly possible' that I can

render myself at Kirkpatrick Place. Regretting, my dear general, the circumstance of the 'invitation *antérieure*,' I am, with compliments to," etc., etc.

Early in March, by the advice of his physician, he went to Colorado with the hope that the change of climate would benefit his health; but he grew rapidly worse, and, after a sojourn of several weeks, he returned to New York, where he died on the last day of April. His remains were removed to Richmond, his native city, and now rest by the side of his mother's grave in Hollywood Cemetery, on the banks of the James River. A handsome monument is to be erected there to his memory, and he will be further commemorated by a portrait in the State Library of Virginia. Before his death he confided to a poet-friend, every way worthy of the trust, the duty of collecting for publication his numerous valuable contributions to American literature, of prose and verse, of which he was singularly careless. He did his literary work well, and then, as Schiller says, "cast it silently into everlasting time." He never took the trouble of gathering up for publication his many graceful poems, or his scholarly essays and criticisms. A work of his entitled "Across the Atlantic: or, European Episodes," announced for publication in New York in 1856, and described by Dr. R. W. Griswold as "a fresh, graceful, and brilliant book," was burned after being in type, together with the manuscript, of which Mr. Thompson had no copy, adding another to the long list of calamities of authors.

He was an accomplished linguist as well as a good classical scholar. His translations from Béranger and other Continental poets are as good as Francis Mahony's, and exhibit his mastery of more languages than one.

I cannot more fittingly conclude this brief tribute to my friend than by quoting the closing paragraph of a notice from the pen of the venerable poet-editor of the journal to which the closing years of his busy and unspotted life were devoted: "Mr. Thompson," writes Bryant, "died of a pulmonary disease, whose slow and insidious but painful approaches he bore with a fortitude and cheerfulness that we have never seen surpassed. Up to within a few weeks of his death he continued his literary duties, frequented the society of his friends, and enjoyed the passing amusements. Not unaware of the certainty of his fate, he yet seldom gave way to despondency, or lost his interest in the great movements of life. It was because his character and tastes had rendered life agreeable to him in so many ways (despite the dark clouds that war and disease had gathered over it), that he desired to live; and no less because he had properly estimated its ends and issues, that he did not fear to die. He went away reluctantly, for he left behind him some that were dependent upon him, and many that loved him well; but he went away peacefully, knowing where he had placed his trust for the future, and that the passage, which we who gaze upon it from this side call Death, is to those who gaze upon it from the other side the Dawn of a larger and nobler activity."

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

MISCELLANY.

Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.

AUSTRALIAN SPORTS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE English passion for the amusements which are technically called "sports," is as strong in these colonies as it is at home. Why the taste should have transported itself to Australia and not to the United States I am not prepared to explain; but I think any one who has observed the two countries will acknowledge that it is so. Trotting-matches and yacht-racing are no doubt in vogue in the States, and there are men, few in number, who take kindly to shooting—especially those who live near the Chesapeake, and have canvas-back ducks within their reach. There is a set of betting-men at New York, who probably are beaten by none in the ferocity of their gambling. But "sport" is not a national necessity with the Americans, whereas with the Australians it is almost as much so as at home. Cricket, athletics, rowing-matches, shooting, hunting, flat-racing, and steeple-chasing, are dear to them. There is hardly a town to be called a town which has not its race-course, and there are many race-courses where there are no towns. . . . I went to see some hurdle-racing and steeple-chasing at the Melbourne race-course, partly because I had been told that the course itself was especially worth seeing, and partly as having been invited to join a pleasant party. It had been impressed upon me as a duty that I should see at least one day's racing at Melbourne, in order that I might report on the aspect of the race-course, the skill of the riders, and especially on the manners of the people. The course itself is something under two miles round. The courses run can, here as elsewhere, be arranged to any distance. The races I saw were described as being about three and two miles, and were all leap-races. I can only say of the fences prepared that I never before saw any which appeared to me so dangerous. They consisted chiefly of timber built up so stiffly that no horse and rider could break them, and were about four feet eight inches high. There was also a wall or two in the distant part of the course; but I regard walls as very much less dangerous to men and horses than timber. The riding appeared to me bold to a fault, men being utterly reckless in riding beaten horses at barriers of built-up timber. The fashion and traditions of the place require that men shall so ride, and they certainly keep up the fashion and traditions. Consequently, on the occasion to which I allude, there were almost innumerable falls. I think seven men and horses were down in one race, and four in another. I heard afterward that the sports of the day were considered to have gone off with very harmless success. One jockey was a good deal crushed, and another had his collar-bone broken. Why half a dozen were not killed I cannot explain. Some of the horses jumped with admirable precision, taking just all the labor that was necessary and no more; but, as I afterward learned, these horses will jump almost any amount of timber, but know nothing of fences, which are less dangerous, but more complicated and requiring greater skill. From the stewards' stand, and from the top of the great stand—and, indeed, from the seats below—every part of the course can be seen, so that, with a good field-glass, the working of any horse or any jockey may be watched throughout the whole race.

But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the performance was the demeanor of the people. From the beginning to the end of

the day I saw no one drunk; I heard no word that could shock any lady; I found no one rough, uncourteous, or displeasing. There was no thimble-rigging and no throwing of sticks. All the world was decent and decently dressed. Within a certain enclosure—if it was enclosed—ladies walked about with gentlemen; and, outside of it, the world amused itself with orderly propriety. The meeting was not by any means the largest of the year, but I was assured by those who were qualified to give an opinion—among others, by the governor of the colony—that the conduct of the crowd was the same even when the crowd was the greatest. It should be understood at home that the people of these colonies are almost invariably decent in their behavior when gathered together, decent in their dress, and decent in their language. There certainly was no reason why ladies should not be present at the races I saw—unless ladies dislike to see jockeys falling over high railings.

There was, indeed, a betting-ring, in which the usual applications were being made to some outside and invisible world to accept lavish offers of complicated bets. Men were walking about making unintelligible appeals apparently to each other—which nobody ever seemed to accept. I am bound to say that the Melbourne ring looked to be as villainous as any other ring that I ever saw. The men wore the same objectionable clothing, were conspicuous in the same manner for indescribably abominable hats, and talked in that tone which, to ordinary ears, seems to be in itself evidence of rascality sufficient to hang a man. There were present, perhaps, two or three dozen of them ready to pick out any man's eyes; but I could not discern the prey. There is prey, no doubt, as the profession thrives and wears jewelry. But the betting-ring on the Melbourne race-course will hurt no one who does not expressly seek its precincts.

On the following day there was a great hunt-breakfast, or luncheon, and the opening meet of the season with the Melbourne stag-hounds. Of other sports, I practically know nothing. In regard to hunting, I have for many years been striving to do something. So much was known of me by certain kind friends, and I was therefore invited to the entertainment and provided with a horse—as to which I was assured that, though he was small, he was up to any weight, could go forever, and jump any thing. The country would be very rough—so much was acknowledged; and the fences very big; but it was suggested to me that, if I would only drink enough sherry, I might see a good deal of the run. I thought of my weight, which is considerable; of my eyesight, which is imperfect; of my inexperience in regard to timber fences four feet six inches high, which, up to that moment, was complete; I thought, also, that my informant in respect to the little horse, though indubitably veracious in intention, might probably be mistaken in his information, never having ridden the horse himself. Wishing to return once more to England so that I might publish my book, I resolved that discretion would be, on this occasion, the better part of valor, and that I would save my neck at the expense of the ill opinion of the Melbourne hunting-field.

Such a hunt-banquet I never saw before. The spot was some eight or ten miles from Melbourne, close upon the sea-shore, and with a railway-station within a quarter of a mile. It was a magnificent day for a picnic, with a bright sun and a cool air, so that the temptations to come, over and beyond that of hunting, were great. About two hundred men were assembled in a tent pitched behind the house of the master of the festival, of whom, perhaps, a quarter were dressed in scarlet. Nothing could have been done better, or in better taste. There was no speaking, no

drinking, so to be called; but a violent clatter of knives and forks for about half an hour. At about two we were out on a common, smoking our cigars in front of the house, and remained there talking to the ladies in carriages till nearly three, when we started. I found the horse provided for me to be a stout, easily-ridden, well-bitted cob; but, when I remembered what posts and rails were in this country, I certainly thought that he was very small. No doubt discretion would be the better part of valor! With such a crowd of horses as I saw around me, there would probably be many discreet besides myself, so that I might attain decent obscurity amid a multitude. I had not bedizened myself in a scarlet coat.

We were upon a heath, and I calculated that there were present about two hundred and fifty horsemen. There was a fair sprinkling of ladies, and I was requested to observe one or two of them, as they would assuredly ride well. There is often a little mystery about hunting, especially in the early part of the day, as all men know who ride to hounds at home. It is not good that everybody should be told what covert is to be drawn first; and even with stag-hounds the officials of the pack will not always answer with full veracity every question put to them by every stranger. On this occasion there seemed to be considerable mystery. No one seemed to know where we were going to begin, and there was a doubt as to the quarry to be chased. I had been told that we were to hunt a dingo, or wild-dog; and there was evidently a general opinion that turning down a dingo—shaking him, I suppose, out of a bag—was good and genuine sport. We do not like bagged foxes at home; but I fancy they are unpopular chiefly because they will never run. If a dingo will run, I do not see why he should not be turned down as well as a deer out of a cart. But on this occasion I heard whispers about—a drag. The asseverations about the dingo were, however, louder than the whispers about a drag, and I went on, believing that the hounds would be put upon the trail of the animal. We rode for some three or four miles over heath-land, nobody around me seeming to be in the least aware when the thing would commence. The huntsman was crabbed and uncommunicative. The master was soft as satin, but as impregnable as plate armor. I asked no questions myself, knowing that Time will unravel most things; but I heard questions asked, the answers to which gave no information whatever. At last the hounds began to stir among the high heather, and were hunting something. I cared little what it was, if only there might be no posts and rails in that country. I like to go, but I don't like to break my neck; and, between the two, I was uncomfortable. The last fences I had seen were all wire, and I was sure that a drag would not be laid among them. But we had got clear of wire fences—wire all through, from top to bottom—before we began. We seemed to be on an open heath, riding round a swamp, without an obstacle in sight. As long as that lasted I could go as well as the best.

But it did not last. In some three minutes, having ridden about half a mile, I found myself approaching such an obstacle as in England would stop a whole field. It was not only the height, but the obduracy of the wooden barrier—which seemed as though it were built against ever-rushing herds of wild-bulls. At home we are not used to such fences, and therefore they are terrible to us. At a four foot and a half wall, a man with a good heart and a good horse will ride; and the animal, if he knows what he is about, will strike it, sometimes with fore- as well as hind-feet, and come down without any great exertion. But the post and rail in Australia should be taken with a clear, flying leap.

There are two alternatives if this be not done. If the horse and man be heavy enough and the pace good enough, the top bar may be broken. It is generally about eight inches deep and four thick, is quite rough, and apparently new—but, as on this occasion I saw repeatedly, it may be broken; and, when broken, the horse and rider go through unscathed—carried by their own impetus, as a candle may be fired through a deal board. The other chance is to fall—which event seemed to occur more often than the smashing of the rail. Now I was especially warned that, if I rode slowly at these fences, and fell, my horse would certainly fall atop of me; whereas, if I went fast, I should assuredly be launched so far ahead that there would be room for my horse between me and the fence which had upset me. It was not a nice prospect for a man riding something over sixteen stone!

But now had come the moment in which I must make up my mind. Half a dozen men were over the rail. Half a dozen balked it. Two fell, escaping their own horses by judicious impetus. One gentleman got his horse half over, the fore-quarters being on one side, and the hind on the other, so that the animal was hung up. A lady rode at it with spirit, but checked her horse with the curb, and he, rearing back, fell on her. Another lady took it in gallant style. Of those before me no one seemed to flinch it. For a moment it seemed as though the honor of all the hunting-fields in England were intrusted to my keeping, and I determined to dare greatly, let the penalty be what it might. With firm hands and legs, but with heart very low down, I crammed the little brute at the mountain of wood-work. As I did so I knew that he could not carry me over. Luckily, he knew as much about it as I did, and made not the slightest attempt to rise with me. I don't know that I ever felt so fond of a horse before.

At that moment, an interesting individual, coming like a cannon-ball, crashed the top bar beside me, and I, finding that the lady was comfortably arranging her back hair, with plenty of assistance, rode gallantly over the second bar. For the next half-hour I took care always to go over second bars, waiting patiently till a top bar was broken. I had found my level, and had resolved to keep it. On one occasion I thought that a top bar never would be broken; and the cessation was unpleasant, as successful horsemen disappeared one after another. But I perceived that there was a regular company of second-bar men, so that, as long as I could get over a rail three feet high, I need not fear that I should be left alone. And hitherto the pace had not been quick enough to throw the second-bar men out of the hunt. But soon there came a real misfortune. There was a fence with only one bay—with only one apparent obstacle. I am blind as well as heavy, and I did not see the treacherous wire beneath. A heavy philanthropist, just before me, smashed the one, and I rode on at what I thought to be a free course. My little horse, seeing no more than I did, rushed upon the wire, and the two of us were rolled over in ignominious dismay. The horse was quicker on his feet than I was, and, liking the sport, joined it at once single-handed, while I was left alone and disconsolate. Men and horses—even the sound of men and horses—disappeared from me, and I found myself in solitude in a forest of gum-trees.

I was certain that we had been running a drag all the morning. As I wandered about, I felt the ignominy of the whole thing. If a man does ride to a drag, he should at any rate ride well, and not lose his horse and be alone after the first half-hour. And in that wild country I might be wandering about for a week without seeing any thing but a cockatoo or an Australian magpie. There

does, however, always come some relief in these miseries. I first encountered another horseless man, then a second companion in misery, and at last a groom with my own little nag. As for the run, that, as regarded me, was, of course, over; but I had legs besides my own to take me back twelve miles to the place at which I was stopping.

As far as I could learn they ran a drag on that occasion for about seven miles, and then came upon a turned-down dingo. This animal they took alive after two miles. The sporting reader will perceive from this that an appearance was maintained of finding game, and hunting the game to the end. The Melbourne hounds do also hunt deer—sometimes turning down a deer from a cart as we do at home, and sometimes finding a wild-deer. The sport, as I saw it in the neighborhood of Melbourne, was as I have described.

But, previously to this, I had hunted kangaroos in Queensland and New South Wales, and I will say a word or two as to that sport. I confess that, in the absence of fox-hunting, I enjoyed it very much. Four of us went out in Queensland with four kangaroo-dogs amid timber that was not thick, and found game in plenty. The kangaroo-dog—having that special name throughout the colonies quite as assuredly as any kind of hound has his own name in England—is a large, rough greyhound, that hunts both by sight and by nose. The difficulty consists in getting the dogs to settle upon any one head of game, and to settle upon the one kangaroo which the sportsman may select. And, indeed, there is the further difficulty of getting the men who are out to join in the same choice. The hounds scatter and the men scatter, and it will often happen that a man is attempting to ride down a kangaroo without a hound, and a hound making the same attempt without a rider. We found kangaroos in very large mobs—on one occasion I should think some hundreds of them together. On such occasions a great deal of cross-riding takes place before any united action can be effected. If possible, a very large, or "old-man" kangaroo should be cut out and followed. They are very stout in running, but not so fast as the does and young ones. If a young kangaroo gets the chance of falling ground in his favor, he bounds at every leap to such a distance that it is impossible to keep near him. It is, of course, known by all readers that the kangaroo runs, or rather jumps, with his hind-legs only. When not molested, his arms come near to the ground, but, when pursued, he carries them high, and looks like some mixture of a man and deer springing through the forests. The pace in hunting them is always very quick, and it is necessary to turn with the greatest rapidity among the forest-trees. Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour will generally see the end of a run. By that time either the hounds are at the throat of the animal, or else he has made good his escape. We killed, I think, seven in two days, and had other runs in which we lost our prey. The "old-man" kangaroo, when hard pressed, will turn round and fight the hounds, or fight the man who comes up to knock him over. And he fights with great power, inflicting terrible wounds with his fore-paws.

In New South Wales I saw a kangaroo which we were hunting catch up a terrier in his arms, and carry the little animal in his embrace throughout the run. He was not, however, able to hurt the dog, who, when the affair was over, seemed to come quite undismayed out of his difficulty. And I saw also a female kangaroo, when the hounds were after her, throw her kid out of the pouch in which she carried it. On that occasion the kid was killed and the mother escaped. They will carry their young one as long as it is possible for them, and then throw him out almost without losing a stride.

In this hunting there is not much jumping; but what there is requires a very quick horse. The turns are rapid, and the ground is strewn by prostrate forest-trunks. There is danger, too, of riding against trees. This, on one occasion, I did with great force; and could not use my leg for six weeks after the accident. In default, however, of any thing better, kangaroo-hunting is good sport.—*"Australia and New Zealand."*

MERMAID STORIES.

Sailors and sea-side folk have always had a tendency to believe in mermaids. They see more varieties of fish, and stranger forms of amphibia, than landmen; and, moreover, they enjoy marvellous stories about wonderful things. Classical writers tell us that the Sirens were two maidens who sat by the sea, and so charmed with their music all who sailed by, that the fascinated wayfarers remained on the spot till they died. The Sirens (afterward increased to three in number, and called by various names) are supposed to have had much to do with mermaids—that is, people who believed in the one had no difficulty in believing in the other.

Tracing down, century after century, we find an abundance of mermaid stories, vouched for with all the gravity of genuine belief. In an old book descriptive of Holland, the reader is told that in 1480 a tempest broke through the embankments of the low-lying districts, and covered much meadow and pasture-land with water. Some maidens in the town of Edam, in West Friesland, going in a boat over the flooded land to milk their cows, perceived a mermaid entangled in the mud and shallow water. They took her into the boat, and brought her with them to Edam, dressed her in woman's apparel, and taught her to spin. She fed like one of them, but could not be brought to speak. Some time afterward she was brought to Haarlem, where she lived for several years, though still showing an inclination for the water. "They had given it," we are further informed, "some notion of a deity, and it made its reverences very devoutly whenever it passed by a crucifix."

In 1560, on the west coast of Ceylon, some fishermen brought up at one draught of a net "seven mermen and maids," which a Jesuit missionary certified to be veritable types of human beings—excepting, we suppose, in regard to fish-shaped tails. This tail question was, in the same century, settled in a peculiar manner by engravers and herald-painters. Mermaids with two tails were often engraved in French and German books on heraldry; a double-tailed mermaid was engraved in a Swiss edition of Ptolemy's Geography, published in 1540; and the Venetian printers had a liking for the same kind of symbol on their title-pages.

Mary Queen of Scots was made the butt of numerous caricatures, some of which represented her in the character of a mermaid, sitting on a dolphin. One has been discovered in the State-Paper Office—a mean and unmanly production, intended to cast ridicule on a woman who could not defend herself from its effects. It is supposed that Shakespeare, writing some years after the appearance of this caricature, had it in his mind when he created the "Midsummer-Night's Dream." Oberon says to Puck:

"Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such a dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music."

We well know that Shakespeare made many of his characters talk about mermaids and sea-sirens—"I'll draw more sailors than the

mermaids shall;" "I'll stop mine ear against the mermaid's song;" "At the helm a seeming mermaid steers;" "Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with the note!" "Her clothes spread wide, and, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up"—are passages well known to readers of Shakespeare. Nor are musical folk less acquainted with the charming air which Haydn gave to the mermaid's song, where the siren of the sea says to some enchanted mortal—

"Come with me and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow."

An almanac for 1688 gravely told its readers, "Near the place where the famous Dee payeth its tribute to the German Ocean, if curious observers of wonderful things in Nature, will be pleased to resort thither on the 1st, 13th, and 29th of May, and in divers other times in the ensuing summer, as also in the harvest-time to the 7th and 14th of October, they will undoubtedly see a pretty company of Mar Maidens, creatures of admirable beauty, and likewise hear their charming, sweet, melodious voices." The prognosticator kindly tells us the exact song which these Scottish mermaids would sing; it was nothing less than a new version of "God save the King;" but, as the year 1688 was rather a critical one in matters dynastic, we are left somewhat in doubt whether the king to be thus honored was James II. or William of Orange. At any rate, the mermaids were pious as well as loyal, for one of the things there were to do was "To extol their Maker, and His bounty praise." About the same time, Merollo, a Spaniard or an Italian, who made a voyage to Congo, told the readers of his narrative that he saw, in the sea, "some beings like unto men, not only in their figures, but likewise in their actions; for we saw them plainly gather a great quantity of a certain herb, with which they immediately plunged themselves into the sea." The sailors tried to catch them in a net, but the mermen were too wide awake—"they lifted up the net and made their escape."

In 1701, according to Brand's "Description of the Orkney and Shetland Islands," "A boat at the fishing drew her lines; and one of them, as the fishers thought, having some great fish upon it, was with greater difficulty than the rest raised from the ground. But when raised, it came more easily to the surface of the water; upon which a creature like a mermaid presented itself at the side of the boat. It had the face, arms, breast, and shoulders of a woman, and long hair hanging down the back; but the nether part was beneath the water, so that they could not understand the shape thereof. The two fishers who were in the boat being surprised at this strange sight, one of them unadvisedly drew a knife and thrust it into her bosom, whereupon she cried, as they judged, 'Alas!' The hook giving way, she fell backward, and was no more seen; the hook, being big, went in at her chin and out at the upper lip." Brand did not see all this; indeed, most of the mermaid stories come second or third hand. The fishers told a baillie, to whom the boat belonged; the baillie told a lady, and the lady told Mr. Brand. The man who cruelly stabbed the poor mermaid was much troubled afterward. "He is now dead, and, as was observed, never prospered after this, but was haunted by an evil spirit in the appearance of an old man, who, as he thought, used to say unto him, 'Will ye do such a thing? Who killed the woman?' The other man then in the boat is yet alive in the isle of Barra." The man was certainly more like a brute than a fisherman, or he would not have drawn his knife for such a purpose; whether human or non-human, she would have been worth more to him alive than dead, even as an exhibition to villagers at a baubee a head.

In 1737, according to a Scottish magazine, the crew of a ship newly arrived in the Thames from the East Indies, reported that in the island of Mauritius they had partaken of a mermaid, the flesh of which was a good deal like veal. The mermaid weighed three or four hundred weight—rather a buxom specimen! The head was particularly large, and so were the features, which differed but little from those of a man or woman. The story tells of two of them, one with a beard four or five inches long, the other much more feminine. "When they are first taken," the narrator proceeds to say, "which is often on the ground, they cry and grieve with great sensibility." About the same time a story came from Vigo, in Spain, to the effect that some fishermen on that coast had caught a sort of merman, five feet and a half from head to foot. The head was like that of a goat, with a long beard and mustaches, a black skin, somewhat hairy, a very long neck, short arms, hands longer and larger than they ought to be in proportion, and long fingers, with nails like claws; webbed toes, and a fin at the lower part of the back.

The magazines for 1775 gave an account of a mermaid which was captured in the Levant and brought to London. One of the learned periodicals gravely told its readers that the mermaid had the complexion and features of a European, like those of a young woman; that the eyes were light blue, the nose small and elegantly formed, the mouth small, the lips thin, "but the edges of them round like those of a codfish;" that the teeth were small, regular, and white; that the neck was well rounded; and that the ears were like those of the eel, "but placed like those of the human species, with gills for respiration, which appear like curls." There was no hair on the head, but "rolls, which, at a distance, might be mistaken for curls." There was a fin rising pyramidally from the temples, "forming a fore-top, like that of a lady's head-dress." The bust was nearly like that of a young damsel, a proper orthodox mermaid, but, alas! all below the waist was exactly like a fish! Three sets of fins below the waist, one above the other, enabled her to swim. Finally, "It is said to have an enchanting voice, which it never exerts except before a storm." The writer in the *Annual Register* probably did not see this mermaid, which the *Gentleman's Magazine* described as being only three feet high. It was afterward proved to be a cheat, made from the skull of the angle-shark.

A Welsh farmer named Reynolds, living at Pen-y-hold in 1782, saw a something which he appears to have believed to be a mermaid; he told the story to Dr. George Phillips, who told it to Mrs. Moore, who told it to a young lady pupil of hers, who wrote out an account of it for Mrs. Morgan, who inserted it in her "Tour to Milford Haven." How much the story gained on its travels—like the Three Black Crows, or the parlor game of Russian Scandal—we are left to find out for ourselves; but its ultimate form was nearly as follows: One morning, just outside the cliff, Reynolds saw what seemed to him to be a person bathing in the sea, with the upper part of the body out of the water. On nearer view, it looked like the upper part of a person in a tub, a youth, say, of sixteen or eighteen years of age, with nice white skin; a sort of brownish body and a tail were under the water. The head and body were human in form, but the arms and hands thick in proportion to length, while the nose, running up high between the eyes, terminated rather sharply. The mysterious being looked attentively at Reynolds, and at the cliffs, and at the birds flying in the air, with a wild gaze; but uttered no cry. Reynolds went to bring some companions to see the merman or mermaid; but when he returned it had disap-

peared. If we like to suppose that Reynolds had seen some kind of seal, and that the narration had grown to something else by repetition from mouth to mouth, perhaps we shall not be very far wrong.

The present century, like its predecessors, has had its crop of mermaid stories, reappearing from time to time. In 1809, one of these strange beings made its appearance off the coast of Caithness, in Scotland. The particulars we have not at hand; but it happens to be on record by what channels the narrative reached the public. Two servant-girls and a boy saw something in the water which they decided must be a mermaid; they mentioned it to Miss Mackey, who wrote of it to Mrs. Jones, who showed the letter to Sir John Sinclair, who showed it to a gentleman, who caused the statement to be inserted in a newspaper. The Philosophical Society brought these facts to light. Even so grave a publication as "Rees's Cyclopædia," in 1819, said: "We have a well-attested account of a merman near the great rock called Diamond, on the coast of Martinique. The persons who saw it gave in a precise description of it before a notary. They affirm that they saw it wipe its hands over its face, and even heard it blow its nose."

Some naturalists have pointed out characteristics in marine animals which afford a very probable groundwork for many of the current mermaid-stories. Witness Sir J. E. Tennent's account of the dugong: "The rude approach to the human outline, observed in the shape of the head of the creature, and the attitude of the mother while suckling her young, holding it to her breast with one flipper, while swimming with the other, holding the heads of both above water; and, when disturbed, suddenly diving and displaying her fish-like tail—these, together with her habitual demonstrations of strong maternal affection, probably gave rise to the fable of the mermaid." Woman or fish, normal or abnormal, the mermaid has taken a good hold of poets and composers, interlude writers and farce writers; and the Mermaid in Fleet Street was one of the famous old taverns of past days. The orthodox mermaid has, of course, a comely maiden's face, with beautiful hair, which she is combing with one hand, while in the other she holds a looking-glass.—*All the Year Round*.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

LETTER TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF INTELLECTUAL TASTES, WHO, WITHOUT HAVING AS YET ANY PARTICULAR LADY IN VIEW, HAD EXPRESSED, IN A GENERAL WAY, HIS DETERMINATION TO GET MARRIED.

The subject of marriage is one, concerning which neither I nor anybody else can have more than an infinitesimally small atom of knowledge. Each of us knows how his or her own marriage has turned out; but that, in comparison with a knowledge of marriage generally, is like a single plant in comparison with the flora of the globe. The utmost experience on this subject to be found in this country extends to about three trials or experiments. A man may become twice a widower, and then marry a third time, but it may be easily shown that the variety of his experience is more than counterbalanced by its incompleteness in each instance. For the experiment to be conclusive even as to the wisdom of one decision, it must extend over half a lifetime. A true marriage is not a mere temporary arrangement, and, although a young couple are said to be married as soon as the lady has changed her name, the truth is, that the real marriage is a long, slow integrowth, like that of two trees planted quite close together in the forest.

The subject of marriage generally is one of which men know less than they know of any other subject of universal interest. People are almost always wrong in their estimates of the marriages of others, and the best proof how little we know the real tastes and needs of those with whom we have been most intimate, is our unfeeling surprise at the marriages they make. Very old and experienced people fancy they know a great deal about younger couples, but their guesses, there is good reason to believe, never *exactly* hit the mark.

Ever since this idea, that marriage is a subject we are all very ignorant about, had taken root in my own mind, many little incidents were perpetually occurring to confirm it; they proved to me, on the one hand, how often I had been mistaken about other people, and, on the other hand, how mistaken other people were concerning the only marriage I profess to know any thing about, namely, my own.

Our ignorance is all the darker that few men tell us the little that they know, that little being too closely bound up with that innermost privacy of life which every man of right feeling respects in his own case, as in the case of another. The only instances which are laid bare to the public view are the unhappy marriages, which are really not marriages at all. An unhappy alliance bears exactly the same relation to a true marriage that disease does to health, and the quarrels and misery of it are the crises by which Nature tries to bring about either the recovery of happiness, or the endurable peace of a settled separation.

All that we really know about marriage, is that it is based upon the most powerful of all our instincts, and that it shows its own justification in its fruits, especially in the prolonged and watchful care of children. But marriage is very complex in its effects, and there is one set of effects, resulting from it, to which remarkably little attention has been paid hitherto—I mean its effects upon the intellectual life. Surely they deserve consideration by all who value culture.

I believe that, for an intellectual man, only two courses are open: either he ought to marry some simple, dutiful woman, who will bear him children, and see to the household matters, and love him in a trustful spirit, without jealousy of his occupations; or else, on the other hand, he ought to marry some highly-intelligent lady, able to carry her education far beyond school experiences, and willing to become his companion in the arduous paths of intellectual labor. The danger in the first of the two cases is that pointed out by Wordsworth in some verses addressed to lake-tourists who might feel inclined to buy a peasant's cottage in Westmoreland. The tourist would spoil the little romantic spot if he bought it; the charm of it is subtly dependent upon the poetry of a simple life, and would be brushed away by the influence of the things that are necessary to people in the middle class. I remember dining in a country inn with an English officer whose ideas were singularly unconventional. We were waited upon by our host's daughter, a beautiful girl, whose manners were remarkable for their natural elegance and distinction. It seemed to us both that no lady of rank could be more distinguished than she was; and my companion said that he thought a gentleman might do worse than ask that girl to marry him, and settle down quietly in that mountain village, far from the cares and vanities of the world. That is a sort of a dream which has occurred, no doubt, to many an honorable man. Some men have gone so far as to try to make the dream a reality, and have married the beautiful peasant. But the difficulty is, that she does not remain what she was; she becomes a sort of make-believe lady, and then her ignorance, which, in her natural condition, was

a charming *naïveté*, becomes an irritating defect. If, however, it were possible for an intellectual man to marry some simple-hearted peasant-girl, and keep her carefully in her original condition, I seriously believe that the venture would be less perilous to his culture than an alliance with some woman of our Philistine classes, equally incapable of comprehending his pursuits, but much more likely to interfere with them. I once had a conversation on this subject with a distinguished artist, who is now a widower, and who is certainly not likely to be prejudiced against marriage by his own experience, which had been an unusually happy one. His view was, that a man devoted to art might marry either a plain-minded woman, who would occupy herself exclusively with household matters and shield his peace by taking these cares upon herself, or else a woman quite capable of entering into his artistic life; but he was convinced that a marriage which exposed him to unintelligent criticism and interference would be dangerous in the highest degree. And, of the two kinds of marriage which he considered possible, he preferred the former—that with the entirely ignorant and simple person from whom no interference was to be apprehended. He considered the first Madame Ingres the true model of an artist's wife, because she did all in her power to guard her husband's peace against the daily cares of life, and never herself disturbed it, acting the part of a breakwater which protects a space of calm, and never destroys the peace that it has made. This may be true for artists whose occupation is rather æsthetic than intellectual, and does not get much help or benefit from talk; but the ideal marriage for a man of great literary culture, would be one permitting some equality of companionship, or, if not equality, at least interest. That this ideal is not a mere dream, but may consolidate into a happy reality, several examples prove; yet these examples are not so numerous as to relieve me from anxiety about your chances of finding such companionship. The different education of the two sexes separates them widely at the beginning, and to meet on any common ground of culture a second education has to be gone through. It rarely happens that there is resolution enough for this.

The want of thoroughness and reality in the education of both sexes, but especially in that of women, may be attributed to a sort of policy which is not very favorable to companionship in married life. It appears to be thought wise to teach boys things which women do not learn, in order to give women a degree of respect for men's attainments, which they would not be so likely to feel if they were prepared to estimate them critically; while girls are taught arts and languages which until recently were all but excluded from our public schools, and won no rank at our universities. Men and women had consequently scarcely any common ground to meet upon, and the absence of serious mental discipline in the training of women made them indisposed to submit to the irksomeness of that earnest intellectual labor which might have remedied the deficiency. The total lack of accuracy in their mental habits was then, and is still for the immense majority of women, the least easily surmountable impediment to culture. The history of many marriages which have failed to realize intellectual companionship is comprised in a sentence which was actually uttered by one of the most accomplished of my friends: "She knew nothing when I married her. I tried to teach her something; it made her angry, and I gave it up."—*The Intellectual Life*, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

But it is impossible to bring before you in the space I have at my disposal any thing

like proofs of a tithe of the good which this movement has done; how it is steadily strengthening and purifying the daily lives of a great section of our people. I wish I could induce all here to look into the matter carefully for themselves. Meantime I may say that it has in the first place delivered the poor in a number of our great towns from the credit system, which lay so hard on them twenty years ago—for the coöperative system is founded scrupulously on ready-money dealings. Next it has delivered the poor from adulterated goods and short weight and measure. It has developed among them honesty, thrift, forethought, and made them feel that they cannot raise themselves without helping their neighbors.

The management of business concerns of this magnitude has developed an extraordinary amount of ability among the leading members, who, in committees, and as secretaries and buyers, conduct the affairs of the stores throughout the country. As their funds have accumulated, they have been invested in corn-mills and cotton-mills, most of which have been managed with great ability and honesty, and are returning large profits. There have been failures, of course, as there must be in all movements; but in scarcely any cases have these been owing to the deep-seated dishonesty, the lying, the puffing, and trickery, which have brought down in disgraceful ruin so many of our joint-stock companies. I have been speaking hitherto chiefly of the societies known as coöperative stores which are concerned with distribution; but associations for production are now multiplying, and at least as great results may be looked for from them. In those few which I have had the opportunity of watching, I can speak with the greatest confidence of the admirable influence they have exercised on the character and habits of the associates. But I prefer to call in here the testimony of one who has had as much experience and done as much work for the coöperative movement in England as any living man. "If," writes Mr. Ludlow, "a coöperative workshop has sufficient elements of vitality to outlast the inevitable storms and struggles of its first few years, it begins to develop a most remarkable series of results. Coöperation first expels from the shop drunkenness, and all open disorder, which are found wholly inconsistent with its success; introducing in their stead a number of small adjustments and contrivances of a nature to facilitate work, or promote the comfort of the worker. By degrees it exterminates, in turn, the small tricks and dishonesties of work which the opposition of interests between the employers and employed too often excuses in the worker's eyes; it is felt to be the interest of each and all that all work should be good—that no time should be lost. Fixity of employment meanwhile, coupled with a common interest, creates new ties between man and man, suggests new forms of fellowship, till there grows up a sort of family feeling, the only danger of which is, its becoming exclusive toward the outside. Let this state of things last a while and there is literally developed a new type of working-men, endued not only with that honesty and frankness, that kindness and true courtesy, which distinguish the best specimens of the order wherever they may be placed, but with a dignity and self-respect, a sense of conscious freedom, which are peculiar to the coöperator. The writer met with such a type first in the Associations Ouvrières of Paris. He has since had the happiness of seeing it reproduced, with variations as slight as the differences of nationality might render unavoidable, in English coöperative workshops; and he therefore believes that its development may be confidently looked forward to as a normal result of coöperative production."—*Thomas Hughes, in Macmillan's Magazine.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE gift to see ourselves as others see us would, after all, notwithstanding the poetic authority of Burns, be a very questionable favor. It would give most of us a good many unpleasant sensations, and, with the consequent general destruction of *amour propre*, there would be nothing to prevent many intensely-disgusted people from speedily making away with themselves. Without a little self-delusion, life would be really intolerable.

But the power of seeing things as others see them would prove a gift of a different character, multiplying sensations, expanding ideas, and enlarging, so to speak, the area of life. If we could imagine a sprite endowed with the faculty of translating himself, by some occult means, into the identity of each person he met, and successfully pursue the adventurer through all his transformations, we should have a narrative of more varied and surprising experience than the strangest fairy-lore can offer us.

Let us presume a moment upon this fancy, and see if we can catch some sort of glance at the kaleidoscopic life an imp thus endowed would have opened to him.

Here we find him, for instance, coiling himself up, as it were, in the imagination of a poet, delighting in the beauty of the world with a kind of ravished wonder; now gliding into the fancies of the man of science, who dreams of worlds discovered, and of strange wonders in Nature revealed to his passionate study; now into the speculations of the statesman, who sees in life only communities to rule and power to establish; now into the schemes of the man of business, whose projects people the wilderness and reach to the antipodes; now into the sports and gay pleasures of youth; now into the artist's studies of the hills and forests; now into the lover's ecstatic fancies; and now into the old man's tender retrospect of pleasures gone by—with each seeing life differently, and seeing things under fresh aspects—just as a landscape varies as the traveller is whirled rapidly through it; now a mountain lifting, now disappearing; now one object looming in the foreground, and soon another, the picture having, in truth, accurate relation of parts, but each part assuming to the spectator ceaselessly-varying proportions.

But perhaps our imaginary sprite would find his greatest relish in the abundant differences with which the same thing is enjoyed. How he would delight with the young girl in the fascinating pages of the novel! How he would yawn with the *blasé* man of the world over the same dull story! How his imagination would catch from youth glorious and golden promises of love, and from the cynic bitter mirth at the sentimental folly! What dinners he would enjoy with the epicure, and melodies with the musicians, and happiness

with the author, and success with the orator, and tramps with the sportsman, and adventure with the pioneer, and danger with the soldier! To multiply ourselves, if we were in possession of the sprite's mystic power, through all these natures, would assuredly be a rich accretion to ordinary life.

But there would be other results. What opinions would be left a man rendered thus capable of seeing and understanding through other people's intelligences? Would he lose all power of individual judgment and his mind become a mass of many notions on all sides of every subject? If one thus multiplied himself through other minds, seeing every subject at each of its angles, studying it at each of its faces, would not all opinion, which at best is but *ex-parte* judgment, blend into completeness of knowledge? Is the world divided into the right and the wrong, or does each of us confound partly-right judgments with partly-wrong judgments, and all the chaos of opinion everywhere grow out of our inability not merely to measure all the facts of a subject presented to us, but to understand that our opponents are not so much controverting our deductions as working out others for themselves? "It is a very beautiful picture!" exclaims one critic, before a landscape, as he studies the delicacy of the fading sunset; "It is a very poor picture!" cries out another, with eye bent on some slighted portions of the foreground. "It is an admirable book," utters one judgment, thinking of the writer's brilliant and picturesque style; "On the contrary, it is very imperfect," replies another, who has detected the author in an error of fact. We know we do not see as others see; that we have different temperaments, different organization, different culture, different standards; and yet we denounce different temperament, organization, culture, for not being in accordance with ourselves. Instead, moreover, of seeking to place ourselves in the position of the disputant, of endeavoring to understand as he understands, of seeing if we can get the angle of view he takes, we assume that our measure of the subject is inevitably the right one.

So perverse are some of us in this way, that it is doubtful whether we would quite appreciate, after all, our imaginary sprite's special privilege. It would be a very uncomfortable thing for some natures to see all around a subject—they would rather enjoy their one narrow view, with the ample privilege of denouncing others for not having the same interpretation, than by breadth of judgment lose their much-prized isolation and self-supposed superiority.

But we must not consider these splenetic folk. People, as a rule, do have some sort of longing to enjoy life through as wide a range of sensations and experiences as possible, and they would welcome a gift like the one we have described as a favor of priceless value. They would buy it with pleasure, if it could be purchased; they would labor for it with

vast energy, if it were obtainable by persistent application; they would make pilgrimages, if it rewarded the industrious seeker. If it were some difficult, unreachable, far-off thing, there would be more heroic search for it than there ever was for the arctic seas.

And yet all the time the magic gift is within our reach. There is a talisman that will place it in the hands of every son of Adam and daughter of Eve.

This talisman is nothing more than human sympathy.

All of us who enter heartily and cordially into the sentiments of our neighbors, who share in their hopes, rejoice in their triumphs, take part in their pleasures, make honest effort to see things as they see them, will find ourselves in nearly full possession of the mystic gift we have described—no occult power of an imp, but a human attribute of good-will and fellowship.

— After the manner of certain celebrated historical characters, who, having played a great part on the world's stage, pass away almost unnoticed in garrets, rustic retreats, or foreign lands, a mighty commercial corporation is at this moment moribund, with few to heed or care for its humiliating fate. No one, after Macaulay's splendid essay on Warren Hastings, can pretend ignorance of the glories of the East-India Company, which for more than a century ruled a continent embracing more than one hundred and fifty million souls, built a new London on the banks of the Ganges whose population now exceeds a million, showered immense wealth upon its very clerks, subjugated princes who traced their lineage back to the times of the Biblical patriarchs, and conferred on England the largest empire and the most extensive commerce which any alien nation has ever possessed by dominion over another. A few weeks ago a few lugubrious gentlemen met, with solemn faces, in a small room, in a small London street, to "wind up the concern." They were the last lingering heirs of the great East-India Company; and they met to accept the terms of the English Government, whereby they receive a goodly per cent. on their stock, in exchange giving up all right and title to the inheritance of the company. So it is that the company passes out of history, with but an obscure paragraph in the papers to consign it to its grave. The East-India Company is about to be merged into the British Government. India will henceforth be governed, not from Leadenhall Street, by a portly and rubicund committee of directors, but from Downing Street, by her majesty's Secretary of State for India. The governor-general will be responsible to the home government alone; and the great monopoly, which for so long gave one corporation the opportunities of deriving wealth from the wonderful Oriental peninsula, is broken down finally and forever. This company of mere traders became more than kings, for they were the lords and

masters of kings. It was originally formed toward the last of Queen Elizabeth's reign, by a few merchants of the city, who, attracted by the stories of Drake's discoveries, the success of the Dutch and Portuguese traders in the Eastern waters, and the enormous profits gained by the few English who had made commercial ventures in that direction, scraped together some thirty thousand pounds as a starting capital, and sent agents out to the Hoogly. They began to export English goods and import tea, beginning modestly, for their first importation of tea was one hundred pounds, "as sample." Their vast political as well as commercial power, and ascendancy over foreign rivals, dates from the conquests of Clive, rather more than a century ago; and these advantages were confirmed and increased by the policy of pillage and confiscation adopted in succession by Warren Hastings and the Marquis Cornwallis. The fall of Tip-poo Saib may be said, perhaps, to have marked the acme of the company's grandeur and power; for now the state became jealous of its extent, and some thirty years after—for they move slowly in England—took virtual possession both of its authority and its estates, leaving the company trustees of the latter, however, on behalf of the crown. This was not the first interference of the government with the company; for, in the last year of Warren Hastings's reign as governor-general—May, 1784—the Board of Control, a new administrative department, was created, to control and superintend the British possessions in the East Indies, and the affairs of "the United Company of Merchants" trading therewith; which board continued in operation down to the period, not many years ago, when the cabinet office of Secretary of State for India superseded it. Pitt, Dundas, Grenville, and Lord Mulgrave, composed the first Board of Control, and among its presidents, who always sat in the cabinet, were Canning, Castlereagh, Tierney, Lord Melville, Lord Ellenborough (afterward governor-general), Sir John Hobhouse, and Charles Grant; from which names the importance of the place may be judged. Since 1834 the company has been under the direct supervision of the Board of Control and the Secretary for India, while the prime-minister has always nominated the viceroy. The powers of the latter potentate are still nearly as despotic as were those of Warren Hastings a century ago; few Oriental sovereigns live in greater splendor, or wield a more absolute sway. He is only guided by the India office at Whitehall in matters of general political and commercial policy. The details of government are left to his control, with a fine army to back his edicts if they are resisted.

It is somewhat singular that the possession of India should be threatened from another source, just as the crown is assuming to itself the last remnant of the East-India Company's title and authority. Russia has long been suspected of designs upon that ter-

ritory, so exhaustless in its yield of spices, precious stones, fruit, and manufactured products; and not a few Englishmen look upon the conquest of Khiva as preliminary to a bolder aggression toward the frontier of the Indus itself. Northern India, the Punjab, and the provinces around Cashmere, have long held themselves almost independent of British rule, and are known to be in a state of smouldering discontent. Should Russia really have designs upon India, and feel herself strong enough to attempt their execution, a war would probably ensue, the ravages, horrors, and issue of which no one would be bold enough to predict. That England is ready to defend her Oriental empire there can be little doubt; for even the modern commercial spirit could not resist the thought of losing a treasure won with such difficulty, defended by the sacrifice of thousands, and retained against such formidable and constantly-recurring obstacles.

— Of the five men most conspicuously identified with the suppression of the rebellion, and to whom the success of the gigantic struggle is mainly due, but one now remains. Lincoln, whose strange union of sagacity, hopefulness, humor, insight into human nature, largeness and yet liberal adjustability of purpose, served to unite and keep harmonious the diverse designs and purposes of the others; Seward, whose subtle and far-reaching mind kept off foreign interference, which would have proved so disastrous if not fatal to the cause; Chase, whose financial genius kept the government supplied with means for the active prosecution of the war; Stanton, whose admirable executive talents levied, equipped, and fed the vast armies—these all are dead, Grant alone of the great leading spirits being left to us. And of these men, we think that history will accord to the late chief-justice the most important service—for there have been judicious rulers, wise foreign secretaries, successful generals in the past, but we can recall no instance of such brilliant financial triumphs, no instance in which a long and great war was carried on with such abundance of money, obtained with almost no disturbance of the industries of the country. We hear Mr. Chase's financial measures often sharply criticised, but his policy must be judged by its results, and the end in view. Wars hitherto have been conducted in a manner to impoverish the people engaged in them—this war was conducted by a policy that discounted the future for its financial needs, thereby giving the government ample resources without present pressure upon the people. Certain consequences, of course, have ensued—are to ensue; but they are nothing compared to the distress that would have existed had the war been supported by the usual immediate drain upon the resources of the country. Mr. Chase's paper-money was the best paper-money known to history—never before were sums so large secured by

methods so simple and with results so little disturbing to trade and production. That gold reached a high premium was a minor evil compared to consequences that have so often accompanied great wars. At one time during the war every thing looked desperate, not so much because of the disasters to the army as of the weight that hung upon trade, and the threat of impending disasters for the whole people; presently the influences of Mr. Chase's paper issue began to be felt; trade revived, prospects brightened, and, though the Northern arms still met with reverses, it became obvious that the finances of the country could stand the strain; and in this fact every one became assured of ultimate success. We are convinced that, to Mr. Chase's financial policy more than to any one thing else, we may attribute the national triumph in the great struggle.

MINOR MENTION.

— A recent number of the *Watchman and Reflector* has the following: "We know that an apology is due to our readers for mentioning in these columns the infamous sheet called *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, but our object is to express our amazement that houses of such respectability as Fisk & Hatch, Jay Cooke & Co., Clark, Dodge & Co., Henry Clews & Co., D. Appleton & Co., etc., etc., should advertise in its columns, and thus help in its support, and give to it a certain claim to respectability. How these houses can consent to be in any way identified with such a paper, how they can for an instant allow their advertisements to stand side by side with advertisements of the most immoral and debasing kind, is more than we can comprehend." As Messrs. Appleton & Co. are not readers of the *Woodhull and Claflin* sheet, are not aware even that they ever saw it, they never knew their advertisements had appeared in it until the above paragraph met their attention. It is scarcely necessary to say that the advertisements in question were inserted without their consent; there is no copyright on this species of literature, and no means, probably, by which unwarranted use of it can be prevented. The Messrs. Appleton are surprised that the sagacious editor of the *Watchman and Reflector* did not suspect that the advertisements referred to were used as decoys, to give a false air of respectability to the sheet, and to seduce other advertisers to patronize it; and they are, moreover, greatly perplexed to know how he came to find out the fact. Does a circumspect editor read a paper that he cannot even name to his readers without apologizing for it? The old Dr. Johnson story comes very *à propos*: "What I object to about your dictionary, doctor, is that you have put all the bad words in it." "Madam," retorted the bluff lexicographer, "I see you've been looking for them."

— The late Chief-Justice Chase was a severe and indefatigable worker, rarely relieving his professional studies by incursions into the lighter domains of literature. His library was complete, of course, in constitutional law and court reports; it was also ex-

tensive in history, classical literature, in biography, and travels, with a little poetry, but with no fiction whatever—not even the standard novelists, such as Scott, Cooper, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Bulwer, or Dickens, found a place in his collection. This fact speaks emphatically of the severity of his intellectual labors. At nine o'clock every morning he entered his library. He first gave attention to his extensive correspondence. Responses to letters requiring answers were dictated to his secretary, who took down the directions in short-hand. This business dispatched, work on his opinions began, and continued until eleven o'clock, at which hour he proceeded to the court chambers. At four he returned to his library and resumed his labors, continuing them, with the exception of an hour for dinner, far into the evening, his secretary often leaving him at midnight still engaged upon his arduous duties. Labor so exacting and severe, so unrelieved by mental or physical relaxation, was, no doubt, one cause of his somewhat premature death.

But the chief-justice was not always insensible to the muses, and the lighter graces of intellectual life. In his earlier days he was fond of classical literature, and read some of the modern poets, even indulging occasionally in writing verses himself, which were always of an excessively sentimental character. But that he made no mark as a poet, may well be supposed from the following specimen:

"Thou art my light of life! Without thee, bliss,
Even the bliss of angels, were but pain;
But with thee, earth hath not a wilderness
So dark but 'twould be blessed paradise."

It is only fair, however, to explain how this and similar productions were written. He was reading law with William Wirt, and was on intimate terms with his preceptor's family. Mrs. Wirt at that time was preparing a "Floral Dictionary"—a sort of performance the last generation was fond of—and the good lady, when at a loss for a verse to express the sentiment of a flower, applied to Mr. Chase to assist her. He, rather than undertake a search for the needed lines, wrote the verses himself. The army of young people through the country who persist in writing bad poetry may derive a hope from this fact—that their indifferent performance is no sure proof of their being without good sense, or even intellectual ability.

Miss Neilson has produced another of her London successes, a dramatization of Scott's story of "Kenilworth," under the title of "Amy Robsart." Those readers of Scott's pathetic story, who have mourned over the fair Amy's tragical fate, will scarcely blame the dramatist for saving the poor girl's life; indeed, the catastrophe of the novel would have been too severe a strain upon the feelings of a sympathetic audience. Miss Neilson realizes very successfully the ideal of Amy, but she does this by virtue of her native beauty, and not by her art. So charming a bad performance never before, perhaps, perplexed an audience. Miss Neilson's handsome face, graceful figure, soft and gentle voice, all are captivating; but her acting is unequal, and, as a whole, really bad. Her delivery is set and artificial, and full of affectations, while in the powerful situations she

often fails to grasp the significance or express the passion of the scene. Miss Neilson has so many charming gifts that it is a pity she does not get rid of her mannerisms and false notions, and put herself in competent hands for a more effectual training. "Amy Robsart" is produced at Booth's, in really splendid style. As an historical pageant alone it is well worth seeing. Mr. Bangs, as the Earl of Leicester, is very good.

A correspondent with opportunities for trustworthy information, is of opinion that Cardinal Panebianco will succeed Pius IX. as the Roman pontiff. Panebianco he describes as "a modest Franciscan, whose learning, eloquence, and refinement of manners, caused him to be particularized in an obscure community of mendicant friars. His early manhood was passed in a time-worn, rural monastery, where he taught metaphysics and dogmatic theology to those who afterward became the greatest lights of his order. It may be sincerely said of Panebianco, that he never sought the honors which have fallen to his share. Modest, retiring, studious, and devout, he was a monk by nature, and sheer merit brought him before the hierarchy of his Church as one who, having deserved the palm, should bear it. In his writings, lectures, and sermons, Panebianco has acquired a fame for liberality and patriotism, and, of all the sacred college and episcopacy, he is held in highest esteem by the national Italians. Were the papacy subjected to a popular vote, Panebianco would receive at least nine-tenths of the votes of the Roman people." Cardinal Sforza, another avowed candidate for the chair of Peter, is described by our authority as "a man chiefly remarkable for his knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics and archæology. While a bishop at Albano he delivered a panegyric on Ignatius of Loyola, which won for him the lasting patronage of the Jesuits, whose champion he is now considered. But, to be the recognized champion in the sacred college of any particular order, especially the Jesuits, is to stand a poor chance of election to the papacy. Sforza is personally wealthy—to use a theological technicality, he was ordained a priest 'e patrimonio.'" But ere these paragraphs reach our readers, so precarious is now the health of Pius, the important issue may have been decided.

There is now very urgent reason why we should proceed at once to annex Canada to the Union. If we do not, we are likely eventually to lose—if Professor Tyndall's predictions prove true—all right, title, and interest, in Niagara Falls, a consummation most certainly and devoutly not to be wished. It seems the American Fall is in time to dry up, and the whole body of water become concentrated on the Canadian side. It is a little too bad that the aggressive spirit of the British lion should seek to despoil us of one of our most distinguishing glories—but Uncle Sam will no doubt be wise enough to anticipate events by taking the whole fall, with the Canada shores beyond by way of encumbrance, for himself. Here is what Professor Tyndall says about it: "At the rate of excavation assigned to it by Sir Charles Lyell, namely, a foot a year, five thousand

years will carry the Horseshoe Fall far higher than Goat Island. As the gorge recedes, it will drain, as it has hitherto done, the banks right and left of it, thus leaving a nearly level terrace between Goat Island and the edge of the gorge. Higher up it will totally drain the American branch of the river, the channel of which in due time will become cultivable land. The American Fall will then be transformed into a dry precipice, forming a simple continuation of the cliffy boundary of the Niagara. At the place occupied by the fall at this moment we shall have the gorge enclosing a right angle, a second whirlpool being the consequence of this. To those who visit Niagara five millenniums hence, I leave the verification of this prediction; for my own part, I have a profound persuasion that it will prove literally true."

Our architects, for whom few people seem to have a good word, are, no doubt, often felicitous in selection of form and in adjustment of proportion; but are they not commonly heedless of light and shade? If we observe the architecture of our streets, we shall see that the buildings generally have a very flat surface; and yet, without projections by which contrast of light and shadow can be secured, the best designs become feeble and uninteresting. A true architect ought to have something of a painter's feeling for picturesque beauty. He ought fully to realize the relations of light to the effect of his structure, and endeavor so to break up its surface that there would be continual play of shadow—for no genuine beauty, no richness of effect, no true artistic quality, can be obtained in architecture unless this principle is understood and acted upon.

The aristocratic face! The aristocratic figure! The aristocratic pose! The aristocratic manner! Who has not heard these phrases repeated almost without end? and who has not been taught to believe that the things they describe are special qualities belonging to the divinely-appointed rulers of the world? And yet in recent years our democratic eyes have been astonished, and our democratic judgment perplexed, by the "miniatures in little" of the favored ones that have found their way into the pictorial papers. The illustrated journals have been rare levellers in their way—setting cheek-by-jowl the fine intellectual face of some artist or man of letters, and the common vulgar features of some prince or princess. The last number of the *London Graphic*—last at this writing—gives in this way one of the best appeals in behalf of democracy in rank one could easily imagine. It contains portraits of three artists recently elected members of the Royal Academy—men of refinement and intellectual calibre, as their noble features bear ample testimony to. Look on these pictures, and on these that follow—which are large and thoroughly-well executed portraits of the Archduchess Gisela, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, who were recently married. These highly aristocratic examples have essentially common and vulgar features. The archduchess might pass for a shop-girl in Eighth Avenue, and the prince, remove his regalia, as a waiter in a Broadway restaurant. No doubt

these people have good social manners—their training would secure this much; but what essential commonness lurks in every feature of each! A portrait-gallery derived from that never-flattering portrait-painter, the sun, puts people in their right place and on their true level.

An effort is being made by the friends of the late Mr. John R. Thompson—to whom General Wilson pays a handsome tribute elsewhere in this week's JOURNAL—to erect a monument over his remains at Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond. Mr. Thompson endeared himself so thoroughly to all who knew him, that, unlike similar projects of this character, the subscriptions made to it will come heartily, and, we have reason to believe, with sufficient promptness. A modest stone, the cost of which will not exceed a thousand dollars, is all that the projectors of the movement design.

Literary Notes.

THE two plethoric volumes of "Medical and Surgical Records," just issued by the War Department, give an historical record of over six and a half million of medical and surgical cases, occurring in a four years' war, in which 2,186 battles or engagements were fought. Of these cases 304,369 terminated fatally. No similar work of equal magnitude has ever been undertaken. The French and English Governments each published some incomplete statistics of the military medicine and surgery of the Crimean War; but it was deemed desirable by the American Government to collect the statistics on an original and a larger scale; the largest ever attempted in the world. Since our war, two great conflicts have convulsed Europe: the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, and the German-French War of 1870; both of them comparatively short. In M. Chenu's history of the surgery of the war of 1866, nine cases of trephining are recorded; in his Crimean history, Dr. Matthews reports twenty-six cases. In the American volumes is the record of two hundred and twenty such cases. But these volumes do something more than chronicle the dry statistics of individual suffering. The pension-laws of this country, fortunately enabling the severely wounded to live on the bounty of the nation, but requiring each one to make at least an annual appearance before some government officer, have enabled science to keep long track of the cases that once awaken attention. For instance, the wanderings of private Patrick Hughes, formerly of Company K, Fourth New-York Volunteers, who still continues to live after the perforation of his cranium by a conoidal musket-ball at the battle of Antietam, have been diligently followed up for nine years. It is a remarkable case of a continuation of life and work under most adverse circumstances. The ball, entering near the inner posterior angle of the right parietal, emerged at a higher point of the left parietal, and, after traversing the brain, made a large exit wound. A piece of the skull was carried away, of the size of six square inches, and through the aperture thus caused the pulsations of the brain can be plainly seen and counted. Yet this man lived to leave the army on a cheap pension of forty-eight dollars a year—which sum a grateful country has since doubled—and is strong enough to be a hard-working puddler in an iron-manufactory. Fourteen other cases occurred during the war, where soldiers received gunshot perforations of the

cranium, and lived; in fifty-four more cases the patients died after they were carried to the hospital. Yet, one poor fellow lived forty days after a perforation of both parietals, and both cerebral hemispheres.

But military science is not the only gainer by the publication of these volumes. Here is the statistical history of 19,971 deaths from pneumonia, one of the most prevalent of all causes of loss among the troops in hospital; and only exceeded by the several forms of diarrhoea and dysentery, which carried off 44,558 soldiers by death, and sent home 17,748 more under their discharges. Over twenty thousand more were dismissed for incipient consumption, and twelve thousand for rheumatism.

Not till near the close of the war, and when the statistics had been counted by millions, was it conclusively shown that the average recovery of the sick and wounded was larger in tents than in hospitals. The open air of the one was more than equivalent to the superior accommodations of the other. But we have no room for further description, except to pay the credit that is due, by saying that these volumes were prepared under the direction of Surgeon-General Joseph K. Barnes, the medical record being drawn up by Dr. J. J. Woodward, U. S. Army; the surgical, by Dr. George A. Otis.

We are not rash enough to pretend that we have, at this early period of the book's career, made any important progress toward seizing the idea of Mr. Browning's "Red Cotton Nightcap Country;" but we are of naturally hopeful temperament, and, looking forward to perhaps a dozen more readings of the poem, we are reasonably confident of ultimate success. One distinct impression the volume has already left upon our mind: it has given us a feeling of really earnest sorrow; for it makes us think again of the fact that we like to forget—that there is hardly any living poet for whom our admiration can be whole and unalloyed, and not an admiration stimulated by half his works, only to be turned into regret by the rest. That the man who has written "Andrea del Sarto," and "By the Fireside," and many of the noble poems that are full of the highest mood of genius, can now jerk and struggle through the spasmodic jargon of the "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," is a thing to make the most sanguine optimist despair. Is it really a decree of the Fates that every man who writes any thing great and noble shall be doomed to offset it, before he dies, with something disappointing, unworthy, or ridiculous, in order, perhaps, that he may show us how sharp limits are set to even the greatest power we know? Victor Hugo wrote "*Les Misérables*," and kept on writing, seemingly, only that he might give to the world the vacuous lunacy of "*L'homme qui rit*." Tennyson dwindled away from his first great poems to the last two volumes we have had from his pen. How many others are there that have gone in the same way? And, in Browning's career, are not "The Ring and the Book" and the "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" only mile-stones covered with hieroglyphics, that show him farther and farther away from the Browning we read with earnest admiration, exalted hearts, and the stirring consciousness of greatness and truth? Should we try to quote from "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," for the sake of sustaining what we have said, we should assuredly be accused of having unjustly chosen some peculiarly tangled verses of the poem for our purpose, and it would be supposed that we had left untouched much strong and simple matter; so we will rather leave to every reader his own investigation of the book. But if he can find in it any thing of the Browning

who has fascinated him in times past by the true ring of his thorough genius, he can do more than we have been able to do. (Messrs. Osgood & Co. are the American publishers of Browning's poem.)

The somewhat melancholy opinions in which we have indulged over the latest poem of Browning, we are almost inclined to retract, in speaking of the last—or, at all events, the last published—work of the dead Bulwer. "Kenelm Chillingly" is a book that has given us the greatest pleasure, and that seems, in much of its contents, to revive the brightest parts of "My Novel" and "The Caxtons," and at the same time to give a new view of Bulwer's always-fresh versatility. He was a man who remained young to the day of his death; and "Kenelm Chillingly" is as sparkling with epigram, as full of the very essence of wit, and as quaintly ingenious in satire, as the record of the cheery cynicism of the unequalled Rieccabocca, or the profound reflections of the young Pisistratus. There is something positively delicious in Kenelm, this Quixote of the new era, who goes out into the world to see if it is possible to be amused—to observe the doings of man, that "crude, undeveloped embryo," who had his "aboriginal forefather in a small marine animal shaped like a two-necked bottle." He is a masterpiece of satiric creation, this Kenelm, armed for his work of existence with the ideas "instilled into the public mind by the *Londoner*, and by most intellectual journals of a liberal character." This is essentially a book of epigrams. What could be better than the description of Mr. Chillingly Mivers? "A man of letters, but a man of the world, he had so cultivated his mind as both that he was feared as the one, and liked as the other. As a man of letters, he despised the world; as a man of the world, he despised letters. As the representative of both, he revered himself." Or that of the three Chillingly spinsters, whose minds "had been nourished on the same books . . . one day a novel, then a good book, then a novel again, and so on. Thus, if the imagination was overworn on Monday, on Tuesday it was cooled down to a proper temperature; if frost-bitten on Tuesday, it took a tepid bath on Wednesday," and so on. The beginning of the book is full of capital pen-pictures; and, as the story goes on, it carries us through a perfect cross-fire of quaint satire. It is rather a satire than a novel, but it is the more valuable as a characteristic work; and the career of writing that began with the somewhat puppyish brilliancy of a Pelham is well ended with the tempered cheery, and altogether wholesome scoffing of this study in the different but equal immaturities of to-day. Were Pelham living now, he would be a Kenelm; had Kenelm Chillingly lived fifty years ago, he would have been a Pelham.

"Johannes Olaf," a translation from the German of Elizabeth de Wille, by F. E. Bunnett, published by Roberts Brothers, seems to us a very disappointing book. Its beginning is unusually attractive, but it wanders away into the most difficult reading in the world, and becomes filled with disjointed and rather aimless *visions*, losing all the strength and simplicity which gave its charm to the opening of the story. We do not think any one will arrive at the end of the volume without having passed a good many decidedly wearisome moments, with the feeling that what he has gained has hardly made up for the really hard labor he has gone through. In spite of its somewhat heavy character, however, there is a great deal that is enjoyable in "Johannes

Olaf"—more in the descriptive than the narrative part of the story, we think. The scenes in the Friesland Islands and in Hamburg are especially well drawn and fresh; and, though Johannes leads us through so many countries and places, we find something good in the description of each.

The favorable notice which "Betsy Lee, a Fo'e'stle Yarn," appears to have attracted, has surprised us not a little. We do not expect, it is true, that the prevailing idea that there must be something original and brilliant in every effusion that takes the form of "a dialect poem," will at once lose its firm hold on the mind of the American people; but we are somewhat astonished that even this great leading canon of newspaper criticism can force the judgment of many writers into an admiration for "Betsy Lee." If one can make one hundred and ten pages of innocuous but also insipid rhyme into a work of genius by turning it into sailors' language—if, indeed, "Betsy Lee" be considered to faithfully represent that extraordinary form of human speech—the critics, in mercy to mankind, must avoid pointing out this easy path to fame, lest a new and devastating epidemic of dialect verse fall upon the land.

"Only a Pin," published by the Catholic Publication Society, is a clever translation by "P. S." from the French of J. T. de Saint-Germaine, of a little story, put in the not entirely unheard-of form of an autobiography, of the useful instrument that figures in the title. The reader will find set forth in it the momentous incidents that can follow, through a pin's agencies, the trifling act of picking up that important implement; and, though the moral of the book is by no means a new one, the manner in which we reach it is decidedly entertaining and vivacious.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter's "Among the Isles of Shoals" is a most pleasant little book, and deserves the success it is gaining. It is a worthy addition to what we may certainly call, by this time, "the literature" of the islands; and, in spite of all that has been sung and written of their picturesque shores and the unique features of life upon them, we have never had so thorough and vivacious a description of them as in these papers. (Osgood & Co., publishers.)

Professor Schele de Vere's "Modern Magic," recently published by the Messrs. Putnam, is a good compilation of facts and legends, time-worn traditions, and modern testimonies, on a subject which will probably continue to have an interest for the greater part of the world's people, to the end of time. There is perhaps nothing original in the book, but there is a great deal that would never come within the reach of an ordinary reader if not brought to him in this way. And the volume is very well put together, and made up in such fashion that there is little in it that is tedious. It is altogether, in its kind, a useful and a welcome work.

To make a somewhat dangerous leap from "Modern Magic" to the extreme of the practical—two other recent publications of the Messrs. Putnam have particularly attracted our attention. These are the "Dictionary of Derivations" and the "Dictionary of Synonyms;" both among the most excellent works of the kind we have seen of late, and both supplying a positive want. These little books do not pretend to take the place of a large dictionary in all respects, yet they satisfy all reasonable wants even in the matter of reference for mere spelling and definition; while the merits

to which their titles call especial notice—those of etymology, and the supply of a large vocabulary of synonyms—are so great that they alone would make the volumes valuable to every writer.

Messrs. Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. have just issued revised editions of two well-known text-books—Dr. Champlin's "Intellectual Philosophy," and Professor Bascom's "Rhetoric." To the former work an addition has been made, which appears in the form of a separate pamphlet.

Harper's "Record of Science and Industry for 1872," prepared under the able editorship of Professor Spencer F. Baird, has appeared. It seems to us a most complete work, and its arrangement is a model of clearness. Not a few well-known names appear in the list of those whose help has contributed to this excellent result. Among them are Professors Henry, Agassiz, Gray, Barker, Joy, T. Sterry Hunt, Dana, and many more. The "Record" has a most carefully-prepared and elaborate index, such as we have often longed for in vain when reading similar works.

If we say very little concerning "Leisure Moments"—a volume of what colloquial usage and the printed title of the volume compel us to call "poems," by Miss H. Helen Nufiez—we will allow it to be supposed that we do so rather from kindness than neglect. The fact that the book is already published—and bound in a charmingly simple cover, and gilt-edged at the top, and bearing the author's autograph neatly printed on the outside, for we would not be remiss in calling attention to its chief good points—the fact, we say, that it is published, renders all expostulation useless; and helpless expostulation is all we have to give in this disheartening case.

Scientific Notes.

IN the apparently irreconcilable conflict of opinions on the question of the origin of species, a new philosophy has appeared which aims to establish a middle ground. Mr. B. G. Ferris has published, through Chatfield & Co., of New Haven, "A New Theory of the Origin of Species," which embodies his peculiar views on the subject. This work, though but a modest pamphlet, contains a large amount of material for the thoughtful. The author devotes a considerable space to refuting Darwin's arguments, as a logical preliminary to stating his own doctrine; but, notwithstanding this opposition to the Darwinian idea, he is yet an evolutionist in a certain sense; and he next devotes his energies to an attack on the belief that man was endowed at creation with all the knowledge and habits which are the distinguishing features of civilization. The inferences to be drawn from the researches of Sir John Lubbock and others he accepts, so far as to acknowledge a belief that, "in the first place, primeval man, of whatever race, was wholly uncivilized." To this, he adds the important qualification that "it does not follow, however, that, because he was without civilization, he was therefore a savage or barbarous." The implements first found would seem to indicate that the first man did not make war on each other; war being more the result of organized states and governments. They were simply uncivilized, a condition not inconsistent with innocence of life. Traditions of this kind were current among the ancients." This admission is ingeniously used to oppose the very thing it might at first seem to confirm.

The Post-Pliocene skull is admitted by Professor Huxley to be "a fair average human skull, which might have belonged to a philosopher, or contained the thoughtless brains of a savage." Believing that the earliest men were uncivilized, and finding such evidence that their brains were very similar in size to ours, Mr. Ferris adduces it as an additional proof that there could have been no transmutation, according to the Darwinian view. "According to that theory," says he, "the man of the Post-Pliocene, instead of possessing the 'brain of a philosopher,' should have been accommodated with one just past the imaginary line between him and apewood—and thence there should have been a gradual increase of cranial and mental capacity to the present time."

Our author next proceeds to argue ably for the existence of an intelligent First Cause—a personal creator; and then treats of the *modus operandi* of creation, and the order in which the universe has been called into existence, which he declares to have been "uniformly from that which is rudimentary and imperfect, in regular succession to that which is more and more perfect." And, finally, we have the theory propounded that species originate from extraordinary generation and ordinary birth; that is, "that at each step in the creation of species, a prior living organism is used by the Creator as an *ovum* or *matrix* to produce a new species, without the aid of the ordinary *paternity* required in reproduction."

This theory, of course, assumes a continued series of matrices: the sun as the matrix of the earth; then earthy materials of the vegetable creations; then a special influx of life into some highly-organized vegetable substance, from which originated the *Rhizopod* or some similar form of animal existence. From this almost shapeless mass another extraordinary generation developed a still higher animal, and so on until man was finally brought into existence as the crowning glory of the whole work of creation.

Mr. Ferris makes a strong point by adducing the manner of the advent of the Lord on earth as a confirmation of his theory. "The world," he says, "—the Christian world at least—has witnessed, historically, the exhibition of that which is called the 'miraculous conception,' in the production of a human so infinitely above common humanity, as to be capable of complete oneness with divinity. Even in that grandest display of divine benevolence involving the salvation of mankind, God has seen fit not to depart from His established laws of creation. And thus has been completed the mighty cycle of being, which begins and ends in Himself."

Whatever may appear against the new theory, it has the great merit of being entirely free from materialistic tendencies; and, although like that of Mr. Darwin, it throws overboard the teachings of Scripture, as *ordinarily interpreted*, it is not really antagonistic to them. Some portions of the Bible are so evidently purely symbolical that no one thinks of claiming them as literal records of natural facts, and, although the first chapters of Genesis appear to be literal history, yet there are grave reasons, Mr. Ferris thinks, for accepting the doctrine advanced by Swedenborg, that they treat only of spiritual matters. Even if the literal sense of the Scripture be pushed to the utmost, we find no definite account of the *method* of creation, and the geological record shows undoubtedly that the word day, as it occurs in Genesis, means *state*, or an indefinite period of time.

Mr. Ferris's pamphlet is concise in statement and clear in style, and we commend it to

the careful perusal of all who are interested in the difficult problem it attempts to solve.

From the tone of our numerous foreign exchanges it is impossible not to perceive that our English cousins seem to have formed a very low estimate of the scientific education of the masses in this country. In a recent number of *Nature*, for instance, we are mildly informed that "science is certainly in the ascendant in America at present." Now, humility is a virtue, no doubt, and yet one of her own poets has told us not to be "humble overmuch," and hence we propose to cite a single experience as an evidence that, after all, the average American has some claim to recognition as a lover of scientific truth, and, moreover, demands it, when his neighbors over the sea are satisfied with rhyme and romance. Happening into a book-store recently, we noticed lying on the counter before us a double row of the latest English and American monthly magazines, and believing that the tastes and intelligence of an individual may be fairly judged from the literature he habitually reads, we concluded that a comparison of the "tables of contents" of these journals ought to furnish just data as to the actual status of scientific education among the non-scientific classes of both countries. With this end in view, we searched these index-tables for special scientific information, with the following results. The journals were taken in the order that they lay upon the counter, and will be acknowledged to fairly represent the popular monthly literature of both countries. Without referring to the longer scientific articles, which were, if any thing, more numerous in the American journals, we will confine our search to special scientific departments, and with the following result: Beginning with the English publication, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, no scientific department; *Tinsley's*, none; *Temple Bar*, *Belgravia*, *Cornhill*, *Fraser's*, none; *Chambers's*, "The Month, Science and Art;" *Argosy*, *St. Paul's*, *Blackwood*, *Cassell's*, and *Leisure Hour*, none. Now passing to the American row, and taking the journals in their order, we find the *Eclectic*, with a "Department of Science and Art;" *Overland Monthly*, none; *Galaxy*, "Scientific Miscellany;" *Atlantic Monthly*, "Science;" *Harper's Monthly*, "Editor's Scientific Record;" *APPLETON'S JOURNAL*, "Scientific Notes;" *Lippincott's*, none; *Old and New*, "Record of Progress." These are the simple facts, and if the conclusions are in our favor, surely there is no harm in knowing it. At a later day we may present a few facts regarding the number, status, and prospects of our scientific educational institutions, which will, we doubt not, prove equally encouraging.

In the *JOURNAL* of the previous week an extended account was given regarding the discovery of an intra-Mercurial planet. It was there stated that Professor Kirkwood claimed to have sufficient data for the conclusion that there existed "a zone of minor planets" within the orbit of Mercury, one of these, at least, having a period of sixteen days, sixteen hours, twenty-nine minutes. To this conclusion Professor Alexander, of Princeton, takes exception, and, in a letter to the *Tribune*, advances the theory that Professor Kirkwood's supposed two planets interior to Mercury are one and the same. Professor Alexander accounts for the error made by Professor Kirkwood in the fact that the dates of this second series of transits are very nearly at the opposite season of the year to those quoted in his first communication, and already given in the *JOURNAL*. "Accordingly," he adds, "we find that the inter-

vals between the dates in the second series, as Professor Kirkwood has given them, would yield us almost exactly the same synodical revolution with that which he himself deduced from the first series." A second and more important objection is that regarding the inconsistency of the planet's period with its computed distance from the sun. It will appear, however, that in giving up the second planet we are assured as to the existence of the first. The following closing sentences of Professor Alexander's letter will prove of interest, and may render the subject more plain to the unprofessional reader: "A planet with a synodical revolution of sixteen days, sixteen hours, and twenty-nine minutes, would be inconsistent with the laws of distance from the sun which I have discovered. But the synodical revolution which may be obtained from the second series, as above exhibited, is even a little nearer than the first was to that due to theory. And then we have the recurrence of the transits at or near to opposite nodes. One can hardly question the existence of the planet after all this evidence. The difficulty of seeing the new member of the solar system is increased by the fact that, when far enough from the sun to be seen, the planet has, at most, but little more than half of its enlightened side turned toward us."

Among the excavations at Pompeii are certain cups made from the shell of the *Murex Brandaris*, one of the mollusks that furnished the world-renowned Tyrian purple; and, as these cups were found among the ruins of a painter's warehouse, it is supposed that the dye was kept in them for sale. The "royal purple," at least that of comparatively recent times, was almost identical with our scarlet; but the Tyrian dye was purple, *pur et simple*, and of the most deep and brilliant kind. It was sold in the shops of Corinth for its weight in silver; and what rendered it so valuable was the fact that exposure to the sun, which so invariably affects all our purple and mauve tints, only rendered the Tyrian color more brilliant; and for the very good reason that its very existence was due to the action of the sun. The rapidity with which the tint is developed depends upon the actinic power in the rays. To M. Lacaze-Duthiers we owe most of our later knowledge of the origin of this dye. He discovered that it is secreted beneath the mantle between the intestinal canal and the respiratory organs of the mollusk. Noticing a sailor, on one occasion, amusing himself by marking his clothes and the sails of the ship with a liquid obtained from a shell-fish, the naturalist was curious, and watched the operation. The sailor pointed a stick, inserted it in the mollusk, and then marked with the liquid that adhered to it. At first the lines were only a faint yellow, and exhaled a most offensive odor; but, on being exposed a few minutes to the sun, became a brilliant violet, after passing through varied shades of yellow and green. The odor is retained in a garment dyed with this matter for a long time; even after a year it may be perceived whenever the garment gets wet, but it cannot be removed by washing or exposure to the weather. The togas of wealthy Romans were dyed with this purple, which was at once a sign of opulence and refined taste. Juvenal, in his satires inveighing against the luxurious vices of his countrymen, enumerates Tyrian-dyed embroidered togas, purple veils, and Tyrian rugs, among their enormities.

In a lecture recently delivered at Cambridge, Professor Agassiz gave a lengthened history of the bee, its peculiar methods of life, etc.

Without referring at present to the numerous interesting facts there brought forth and illustrated, we would call attention to Professor Agassiz's definition of instinct, as the word has long been regarded as a "tough" one, each philosopher giving to it an interpretation best suited to the peculiar theory he feels called upon to defend. After describing the wonderful achievements of the honey-bee, the lecturer adds: "The faculty by which all these acts are performed without teaching, without preceding experience, without any antecedent knowledge of the conditions necessary to the life and growth of the eggs, that faculty we call instinct in contradistinction to those mental processes involving argument, rational consideration, combination, and adaptation, by which acts are performed under full consciousness of all contingent conditions."

The appointment of Dr. Chandler to the position of president of the New-York Health Commissioners will be followed by results of more than local interest and value. When a man of Professor Chandler's acknowledged attainments and energy is persuaded to accept a post of such responsibility, and which offers so broad a field for the application of the highest professional ability and experience, it is not the city alone, but the country at large, which is to be congratulated. For, to secure to a city like New York the services of such an officer, is to secure to science and the State all the rich returns which such services are sure to bring forth.

ATOMS.

Hoffmann's gum, hitherto regarded by the manufacturers of aniline dyes as a troublesome refuse, has recently been submitted to "distinctive distillation," the result being blue and violet dyes, equal in quality to those obtained in the first treatment. It is estimated that hundreds of tons of this refuse will now be made serviceable, where before it was only a troublesome burden.—A Frenchman, having purchased the olive-husks, from which the natives of Southern Italy had simply squeezed the oil by the aid of rude wooden presses, ships them to France, where they are treated by improved processes, and an additional return of 25 per cent. of oil obtained. — *Chambers's Journal* refers to the United States Signal-Service Bureau as "the most perfect telegraphic weather system in the world."—A successful experiment was recently made at the iron-works at Thale, in the Harz, for the purpose of removing phosphorus from iron during the puddling process. The iron was puddled with 14 per cent. of fluor-spar, and the product was a fibrous iron which did not appear, in slightest degree, "cold short."—Professor Peters has named the last two asteroids discovered by him, and numbered 123 and 130, Antigone and Electra.—A powerful signal-light has been placed on the houses of Parliament, London. It is located over the clock-tower at Westminster, and when in full blaze has the appearance of a pillar of fire, intensified every few seconds by brilliant flashes. The light is caused by the combustion of common street-gas with the oxygen of the air. One of the important purposes of this light is to signal absent members when the approach of important motions demands their presence in the House. It is stated that, in clear weather, the light can be seen for twenty-five miles.—M. Marchand estimates that the chemical force exerted by the light of the sun on the terrestrial globe would be sufficient to transform, every minute, 39,835,900 tons of carbon into carbonic acid.—The odor of the *Lilium auratum*, a species of Japan lily, is said to be ob-

noxious to house-flies, and a single specimen kept in the room will serve to drive away these pests.—Dr. Jenzsch, of Gotha, announces that he has discovered, in various kinds of crystalline and volcanic rocks, fossil infusoria and rotifers, together with algae. The existence of organisms in rocks of an igneous origin presents a new problem for the students of geology and the disciples of Bastian to solve.—In a lecture recently delivered in England, Professor Tyndall made an especial mention of that "wonderful American invention," known to our readers as the "sand-blast," and, from a rudely-constructed model, demonstrated its value and efficiency to the audience.—Mr. Alfred Berney, of New Jersey, has patented an improved process for the use of anthracite coal-dust as a fuel for locomotives. The essential feature of the invention consists in the judicious combination of anthracite dust with bituminous coal—the dust being added to the fire, which is first started with the bituminous coal.—The recent gas-men's strike has brought to light the fact that the average life of this class of laborers is not over thirty years.—Mr. Rutherford, of New York, whose labors in the various departments of astronomical photography have been long recognized at home, has recently been made an "associate" of the Royal Society, England.—A London physician has proposed a hot sand-bath as an "infallible cure" for rheumatism, the claim of superiority over the Russian and Turkish baths being that it does not interfere with the respiration of the patient; what may be the actual value of this fact remains to be proved, though those who have been nearly "choked to death" in a vapor-bath will welcome a hot bath in which they can breathe.—Artificial coral may be made by painting peeled and dried branches and twigs with a melted mixture, composed of two drachms of vermilion and one ounce of resin.—Dr. Chandler stated in a recent lecture that carbolic acid and sulphate of iron (green vitriol) were the best disinfectants.—The extreme summer heat in Bengal and the African Desert is 150° Fahr., while that in Nova Zembla is but 34° Fahr.—A new use for asbestos is its introduction into textile fabrics. This is done by mixing the fibres of this substance with the cotton or wool during the weaving. The finest asbestos is found on the eastern slope of the Green Mountains, Vermont, and in the Adirondack region. These fibres vary from two to forty inches in length; and when obtained at a distance below the surface they are pure white, and very flexible.

Sayings and Doings of the Hour.

THE leading features of the recent ecclesiastical legislation in Prussia, which practically subjects the Church to the state, is summed up by the *Nation* as follows: "The several acts place the curriculum and discipline of all existing theological seminaries under the control of state officers, and forbid the establishment of any new ones. Everybody applying for ordination must have been educated at a state university, and must undergo an examination, in which there is no whiffling about 'rival theories,' but in which the candidate is obliged to swallow a good solid dose of philosophy, history, and literature, prepared by Prussian officials. No bishop can put in charge of a parish any priest who has not gone through this course; he cannot put him in charge of one, even when he has passed it, without the consent of the president of the province. If any bishop or priest attempts to act in contravention of this provision, he exposes himself to a heavy fine; if the bishop attempts to in-

flict any ecclesiastical penalty on anybody for obeying the law, he not only pays a heavy fine, but goes to jail. No person, of non-German origin, can undertake to enforce ecclesiastical discipline, and all questions of ecclesiastical discipline are hereafter remitted to a state court, especially established to take cognizance of them; and, if any ecclesiastical superior wishes to punish a subordinate for any thing done or left undone, before that court he must go."

Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, makes the following observations in regard to civil-service examinations: "In civil-service examinations, as they are now conducted, we prove only the virtues that belong to a good student; but a good student may sometimes prove an inefficient, and sometimes a slow and even a stupid and blundering man. There is no greater error than that which our education seems to cherish—namely, that man is merely a cognitive animal. Man is fourfold—cognitive, emotional, volitional, and physical; and, as many-sidedness is not common, it is but too likely that the youth who is strong in one of these elements of our complex nature may be weak in another, and altogether deficient in a third. It is manifest, also, that in the world of action the emotional, volitional, and physical functions may often be of more importance than the cognitive. A quick eye, a strong will, and a ready hand, determine the fate of nations, and the prosperity of public institutions, sometimes, as much as a brooding brain. There is a genius for administration which is a very different thing from a genius for meditation. It is neither much knowledge nor various erudition that the administrative man requires, but the sagacity to understand and the energy to command the moment. This being so, it can hardly fail under an examination system purely cognitive that men should be appointed to places for which they are little fit, and be exceedingly well fitted for places to which they can receive no appointment. How this evil is to be remedied or palliated, it belongs to those who exercise state patronage carefully to consider."

"No prophecy is safer," says Herbert Spencer, "than that the results anticipated from a law will be greatly exceeded in amount by results not anticipated. Even simple physical actions might suggest to us this conclusion. Let us contemplate one. You see that this wrought-iron plate is not quite flat: it sticks up a little here toward the left—'cockles,' as we say. How shall we flatten it? Obviously, you reply, by hitting down on the part that is prominent. Well, here is a hammer, and I give it a blow as you advise. Harder, you say. Still no effect. Another stroke! Well, there is one, and another, and another. The prominence remains, you see—the evil is as great as ever. But this is not all. Look at the warp which the plate has got near the opposite edge; where it was flat before it is now curved. A pretty bungle we have made of it. Instead of curing the original defect, we have produced a second. Had we asked an artisan practised in 'planishing,' as it is called, he would have told us no good was to be done, but only mischief, by hitting down on the projecting part. He would have taught us how to give variously-directed and specially-adjusted blows with a hammer elsewhere; so attacking the evil not by direct but by indirect actions. The required process is less simple than you thought. Even a sheet of metal is not to be successfully dealt with after those common-sense methods in which you have so much confidence. What, then, shall we say about a society? 'Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?' asks *Hamlet*. Is humanity more readily straightened than an iron plate?"

A military trial last month, in one of the rural departments of France, had the curious effect of revealing a new religious sect called "Derbists." The tenets of this sect are chiefly embodied in the doctrine that human life is absolutely sacred, and that the profession of arms is in itself a crime; and, in obedience to this teaching, a young man, who had been sent to join his regiment, refused to carry arms, and was court-martialled for breach of discipline. At the trial, a school-master of the district testified that he had done all in his power to eradicate these ideas, but that the prisoner had held fast to his original purpose. When he told

him that, in the event of a battle, he would always be able to fire into the air, the young man declared that he could not do that, because it would be treachery to the government. On similar grounds, he refused to purchase a substitute, and, in reply to the warning of the school-master that he would render himself liable to be shot for insubordination, he avowed his readiness "to add another to the three million martyrs who have died for their faith." His behavior at the trial is said to have been most exemplary, and, when questioned by the president of the court, he confessed that he had disobeyed the military laws, but claimed that he acted in conformity with those of the Gospel.

The precise doctrines of the Mormons have been until lately a sealed book to the outside heathen: but here is their theory of immortality, as revealed to Joseph Smith: God is President of the Immortals, who consist of gods, angels, men, and spirits: 1. "Gods" are men who have lived the true gospel-life, who have married many women, and begotten progeny which shall last forever. 2. "Angels"—these have been men who have lived imperfectly the gospel-life, and who are to live forever issueless and unmarried—the messengers of God to men, and inferior to the "gods." 3. "Men"—the children of God, existing from all time, begotten by God—not created—who have come to the conjunction of spirit and flesh. 4. "Spirits"—immortal beings waiting for embodiment in the flesh, by being born of a human mother. Man is king of earth, and, having vast rights and powers, has also pressing duties, and, if he leaves them unfulfilled, his loss in heaven is great. Women, having fewer rights and powers, will as a rule ascend higher. They have less in which to fail.

A Spanish correspondent of one of the Paris journals gives an interesting account of the Carlist priest-general, Santa Cruz. From it we learn that Santa Cruz is a man of about thirty-five, short, pale, thin, nervous, and with a singularly energetic expression. His beard is thick, the hair of his head is cut close, and there are two bald patches near his temples. Two small eyes, like those of an owl, shine out from under arched eyebrows; his lips are thin, and his nose bent. On the whole, his appearance is repulsive, especially to those who have heard of his cruelties. He has a frightened look, and this look has become habitual with him since a price was set on his head. His speech is brief and dry, and he answers only in monosyllables. The house which he uses as his headquarters is occupied by forty, known as "the black band," who form his body-guard, and are on duty night and day. No food enters his mouth except what is prepared by his own attendants, and then only after it has been tasted by nine different persons. His greatest fear is that he will be poisoned.

"An eminent friend," says Professor Tyndall, "of mine often speaks to me of the mistake of those physicians who regard man's ailments as purely chemical, to be met by chemical remedies only. He contends for the psychological element of cure. By agreeable emotions, he says, nervous currents are liberated which stimulate blood, brain, and viscera. The influence rained from ladies' eyes enables my friend to thrive on dishes which would kill him if eaten alone. A sanative effect of the same order I experienced amid the spray and thunder of Niagara. Quicken by the emotions there aroused, the blood sped exultingly through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bitterness, and enabling one to think with tolerance, if not with tenderness, on the most relentless and unreasonable foe. Apart from its scientific value, and purely as a moral agent, the play, I submit, is worth the candle."

In view of the pope's declining health, preparations are already being made at the Vatican for the election of his successor, and a building immediately behind the sacristy of St. Peter's Cathedral, and within the precincts of the Vatican, has been selected for the conclave. The mode of electing a pope was settled by statute at the second Council of Lyons in 1275. This statute enacts that, on the tenth day after the death of a pope, the cardinals are to be shut up, without waiting for absent mem-

seers of the college, in a single chamber of the deceased pope's palace, where they are to live in common. All access to them is strictly prohibited, as well as any writing or message; each is to have only one domestic, and their meals are passed in through an opening too narrow to admit a man. If they do not agree in three days, their repast is to be limited for five days to a single dish; after that, they are to have only bread and wine.

A Protestant clergyman died recently in one of the rural counties of England, and on examining his papers the executors found a parcel sealed up and indorsed, "Inviolably sacred; to be destroyed." They opened it and found two documents—one a dispensation from the pope permitting the deceased to retain his position as a clergyman of the Church of England, though actually a priest of the Church of Rome; the other a list of such of the clergy in his diocese, or near him, as are likewise possessed of dispensations, and upon whom he might, therefore, rely for friendly cooperation and sympathy. The truth of this is vouched for by a clergyman of good standing and reputation.

The beauty of Ward's admirable statue of Shakespeare in the Central Park will no longer be marred by the paltry structure of wood that has heretofore sustained it. What has been known and labelled as "a temporary pedestal," will, before this reaches the eyes of our readers, have been replaced by a noble and enduring one of highly-polished and ornamented granite, of different colors. A similar substantial pedestal is also, we understand, soon to replace the wooden one which at present disfigures the group of the "Indian Hunter and his Dog."

The latest story of filial devotion and heroism at the post of duty, comes to us from Ohio. The hero was the son of a village reporter, and, having discovered a broken rail just out of town, he sat for five hours on a fence near by waiting for the train, so that he might carry the particulars of the accident to his father.

Count Andraassy, Prime-Minister of the Austrian Empire, was at one time under sentence of death for high-treason. He was exiled, and, during his exile, supported himself in London by giving lessons on the guitar. He was so poor that he often paced the streets throughout the night for want of means to get a lodging.

The lookers-on in Vienna are crowding in vast numbers, and hotel charges promise to be higher there this summer than in Paris at the time of the exposition. Already it costs three florins for an ordinary breakfast without wine, and the cost of lodgings is doubled.

A new fresco, supposed to be the work of Raphael, was discovered about two months ago in the neighborhood of Rome, under a mound of earth. It is a large composition, measuring sixteen feet by ten, and will probably be purchased for the Louvre.

"Life in New York," according to a London authority, "is replete with singular phenomena. It may not inappropriately be designated civilization run mad. Here rogues and impostors of all shades hold full carnival," and so on runs the account.

Mr. Ernest Longfellow, a son of the poet, is winning reputation as a landscape-painter. *

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

MAY 9.—Panic on the Vienna Bourse, owing to the failure of a leading firm; business suspended; prominent bankers subscribe twelve million florins to ease the panic in the stock market.

MAY 10.—A mob of two hundred persons march on the Quirinal at Rome and demand of the Chamber of Deputies the complete abolition of the religious corporations. The police prevent the rioters from entering the Quirinal, and arrest twenty of them.

United States troops take possession of St. Martinsville, La., and order is restored.

The MODOCS attack Captain Hasbrouck's camp, but are repulsed and pursued, with the loss of two killed.

Intelligence that Captain Jack had attacked a wagon-train on the 7th inst., wounding three men and capturing horses and ammunition.

MAY 11.—Election of members to the Constituent Assembly of Spain; Federalists overwhelmingly triumphant. Don Alphonso's and other Carlist bands reported routed, with heavy losses. Priests in Madrid in sympathy with the Carlists arrested. Government troops in Biscay mutiny, on account of arrears of pay.

Dispatch of a conflagration at Port au Prince, Hayti, at which six persons were burned to death.

Intelligence of the reflection of Guzman Blanco as President of Venezuela.

MAY 12.—Oscar II. crowned King of Sweden.

One thousand Carlist prisoners landed at Havana to reinforce the Spanish army in Cuba.

Death of Lieutenant Harris, of wounds received in a fight with the MODOCS. Death, at Washington, of Major-General John G. Chandler, of the United States Army. Intelligence of the death, at Rome, of Prince Camillo Massimo; at Botzen, in the Tyrol, of Colonel Gabriel Ussani; at Magny, in Normandy, of M. Arceise de Caumont, president of the French Archaeological Society; at Milan, of Carlo Coccia, an eminent Italian composer; at Bath, England, of Major-General Goodwyn, and at Dartmouth, England, of Captain D. T. Chamberlayne, distinguished British officers.

Dispatch that Bokharsse horsemen had surprised and impaled a Russian picket-party under the command of a colonel in the advance-guard of General Kauffmann's column.

MAY 13.—The Drummond Colliery, at Westville, Nova Scotia, takes fire, from the improper use of gunpowder, and explosions ensue. Seventy-five colliers, at work, reported killed. Six colliers escape, two mortally wounded. Four volunteers, in attempting to descend to the rescue, are blown up and instantly killed.

The German bourses seriously depressed in consequence of the continued panic in the Vienna bourse. Austria suspends the bank act, to relieve the crisis.

A Carlist conspiracy for the overthrow of the republic discovered in Madrid, and three arrests made.

Dispatch of the successful advance of the Russians in Khiva, and of their march across the Kizil Kum Desert to the Lower Oxus.

Death of the Rev. Thomas Robinson, D.D., Canon of Rochester, England.

MAY 14.—M. Goulard, the French Minister of the Interior, and M. Jules Simon, Minister of Public Instruction, tender their resignations. Intelligence that the Cuban general, Ignacio Agramonte, and eighty of his command, had been killed in a battle at Jimaguayu.

A violent wind and rain storm in Vienna. The glass of the western front of the exposition-building is blown down, injuring a number of visitors and damaging a quantity of goods.

MAY 15.—Dispatch that the rivers of the province of Bosnia, in Turkey, had inundated the country, causing loss of life and great destruction of property.

Dispatch of the capture of the city of Mataro by the Carlists under Saballo.

MAY 16.—Intelligence of a Carlist victory, under Dorregaray, in the battle of Puente de Eraul, in Navarre, 5th inst.

Dispatch that the Russians had defeated a force of Toorkomans at Igda, Khiva, killing twenty-two and capturing one thousand camels.

The panic in the Vienna bourse extends to Odessa, Russia; business suspends, and discounts advance to nine per cent.

Intelligence from China and Japan; terrible fire at Hong-Kong, March 23d, in which forty acres of buildings were destroyed; great conflagration at Osaka, Japan, March 29th, in which many lives were lost. Two violent shocks of earthquake, same place, March 12th. Removal of edicts against Christianity causes an insurrection in the provinces of Jetsizen and Prusho.

Notices.

TO INVESTORS.—To those who wish to reinvest Coupons or Dividends, and those who wish to increase their income from means already invested in other less profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, as well secured and unusually productive.—JAY COOKE & CO.

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COLGATE & CO.'S NEW PERFUME for the handkerchief, "CASHMERE BOUQUET," will be appreciated by all who have enjoyed the delicate and peculiar fragrance of their toilet-soap of the same name, which is so universally popular.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—MARY CARMAN, Farmer Village, N. Y., has used fifteen different patent sewing machines in family sewing; none does so beautiful work, fine or coarse, as the Wheeler & Lock-Stitch, or is so readily changed from one kind to another; has sewed with one that has been in use sixteen years, without a cent for repairs, and has the same needles that came with the machine, with two others, in use ten years, each without repairs. She has supported a family of three, sometimes earning \$4 per day, or \$1 in an evening. See the new Improvements and Woods's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

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